TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The result of the census deserves the first place in the record of the week. That Toronto with the suburbs has 175,000 people is a matter for congratulation. Ald. Dodds has reason to feel proud that he set on foot the movement which resulted in the discovery. After Columbus discovered America, almost everybody wondered why they had not thought of doing it themselves, and now the majority of people think that Ald. Dodds' discovery was no very extraordinary affair. Nevertheless he deserves great credit, and the enumeration will not only steady real estate but make the citizens of Toronto and Canada understand how great a magnet Toronto is. They have been wondering at its power of attraction; now they will marvel no longer. In five years more, unless we have an era of commercial depression, or the country fools with some political fad, we will have a quarter of a million people. Real estate here is not too high; it is cheaper than in any other city of its size on the continent; our prospects are as great; our natural advantages are greater.

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It is to be regretted that the proclamation annexing Parkdale to the city has been withheld. The Mowat government may have been induced to adopt this course by the representations of Registrar Ridout, and the only pity is that they have not declared this to be the reason. Public opinion is educated nearly up to the point of rejecting not only appointive county officers of this sort but Hon. Oliver Mowat and his extraordinary menagerie of Tory notions and Liberal professions as well. Hon. Mr. Mowat esteems himself as the saviour of the province. Up to a certain point the province esteems Hon. Oliver Mowat as a man who has very nearly done his duty. He began to alienate himself from the supreme regard of people who too often are more ready to worship a man than to regard a principle, when he began to establish himself pecuniarily by making his son sheriff of Toronto. Like the unjust steward he is proceeding to establish himself everywhere by the appointment of people of whom nothing more patriotic is expected than a slavish support of Oliver and his merry men. A little more of this sort of thing and Messrs. Mowat and Company will be where Laurier, Cartwright, etc., have gone for good—into the clammy shades of political decomposition. In the counties where registrarships are vacant the political hacks are engaged in deadly conflict as to who shall have the vacant offices. License commissionerships, licenses themselves are peddled as if public sobriety and social decency were not the objects of the license law. Hon. G. W. Ross, with all his great schemes for the advancement of education—I say great schemes because his ideas for the promotion of popular intelligence are great and many of his theories good—is nevertheless reducing the school teacher to a voting machine and the school system to a mechanical contrivance for the continuance of Mowatism. Sometimes we condemn a man, or a system for one bad fault; at other times we canonize a man for one good quality, an administration because it is not as bad as it might be or because it is superior to those which have been, but with popular education there is a growing tendency not only to accept the good which has been given us but to endeavor to elect the good which we may obtain. As soon as Mr. Meredith offers a policy wherein the selection we have made can be exchanged for the election we may make with profit to ourselves, just so soon the change will occur if the Hon. Oliver Mowat continues to engage in the business of collecting the dunes of Mr. Ridout or is willing to become the extortioner for any person or persons who have a claim on his regard. Then the Hon. Oliver will wonder how, when and where the people learned so much more than he thought they knew.

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The little paragraph last week with regard to the proposed improvements on Jarvis street has brought me several communications from residents of that section who feel that the suggestion was timely. From these letters and a personal investigation I find that the scheme under consideration is ill-advised, undigested and costly beyond excuse. The Jarvis street people want to make theirs the most attractive section of the city. As a rule, it is not a question of expense excepting in a few instances, but there is no extravagant desire to expend money for the sake of expending it. The macadam on Jarvis street is in bad condition, but a man may have a leak in his roof without needing a new house. Five thousand dollars expended in pick and shovel men would reduce the protuberances and fill the holes in the roadway and provide all the stone needed. If the Bay street pavement were not cleaned from one end of the year to the other, it would be the filthiest street in Toronto and the dust and dirt would fill every open window from King street to the bay. Jarvis street is hardly ever swept nor cleaned; it might be the lane of a country backyard for all the attention that is paid to it. One cannot expect to have a good street unless pains are taken with it. While those who pay for pavements under the Local Improvement Act still have to provide largely for the general fund for streets and roadways, it is absurd to pay $150,000 and still bear their percentage of the city taxes for streets. When the Local Improvement law has been so interpreted that the people of a street can provide themselves with what they want, and pay for it out of their own purses, then an expensive local improvement would be worth while, but until this is done, until other streets are well paved, until the farmer traffic would not be diverted from Yonge street to wake both the quick and the dead by the thumping of horses' hoofs on asphalt along Jarvis street, it would be wiser to put half a dozen men on the roadway to smoothen and take care of it, trim the boulevards, clean off the snow and make the best possible appearance and provide the best possible roadway with the existing foundation, than to tear it all up and tax property from one to two dollars a foot per annum that a few over-anxious householders may have exactly what they want. The great trouble is that in laying macadam there is no big "haul" for anybody. In putting down asphalt there is, perhaps, a ten per cent. commission here and a five per cent. commission there for a few sharp people who engineer the scheme through. Then again, what is the sense of laying an eight-foot sidewalk on Jarvis street? We don't need it any more than a cat needs a vest pocket. A six-foot sidewalk is wide enough for all the people who pass up and down, and below Carlton and Gerrard streets, some of the handsomest trees in the city would have to be cut down in order to make room for an eight-foot sidewalk, or else the line of the walk deflected. I would rather see the trees than a broad and blistering pavement. And then they want to lay a pavement as thick as the stone that covered the grave of the prophet. Where stone is most plentiful in the United States two and a half inches is considered thick enough for a sidewalk in the residential portions of a city. It is not the thickness of the stone; it is the way it is laid which protects it from the frost; stone a foot thick would break if not properly laid. Then again, they want a six-inch curbing. Where did they get this absurd idea? On some of the narrow streets of Old London, where the hansom and dray wheels are continually rubbing on the curbing, they put down a stone of this thickness, but why carry out such an extravagant idea on Jarvis street, where the wheels seldom touch the boulevard? A two-inch plank has been strong enough to protect the grass; enquire of the City Commissioner how often that protection has been broken or injured. We have a wide street, light vehicles and no more need of a six-inch curbing than we have of putting a lightning rod down the spine of the cook to keep her from being struck by lightning or covering the face of St. James' clock with wire guards to prevent the boys throwing stones at it. The most respectable stone for pavements is that found in Ohio, and they cut it two and a half inches thick. It looks well, wears well, is more easily handled, and is vastly cheaper than any four-inch size which could be taken out. The wasteage could be used for the curbing, and those who advocate any more expensive scheme have evidently more money than they know what to do with. Let us have electric lights, a roller to keep the street level, men to sweep the crossings, and all the "latest modern improvements," but because a few rich men have an idea that they want asphalt it is unnecessary for the investor and the poorer people to be saddled with an enormous tax which will amount on an average to $50 a lot per annum, with no result excepting aggravation, noise, and—unless the street is well swept—dirt. On Fifth avenue, New York, they once put down an asphalt pavement, but the streets adjacent to it being dirty the wheels of all the vehicles crossing it and coming from other highways on to it brought dust and dirt, and as it could not very easily be watered the dirt drifted over its smooth surface and not a window on the street could be raised without the curtains becoming as black as ink and everything in the room soiled, and by general petition it was removed. If Jarvis street wants a good street let the resident act for themselves and not be led by a few, bear with what they have got, get good sidewalks, good lighting, plenty of men to keep the road smooth and clean, and in five years with an expenditure less than the interest on the asphalt pavement they will have a better street, better attention and better everything.

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Everybody is talking about the revising of our city government, and I feel that I would not be doing my duty unless I provided a few gems of thought on this subject. Let the city be divided into ten precincts stretching from the bay north ward. In each precinct first-elect two aldermen; every year let ten retire and ten remain. Elect ten aldermen for the city at large—five to retire each year, five to remain until the next. The representatives of the wards would still be in the majority, but ward grabbing would be checked by the aldermen at large. Dying councils would be prevented from voting absurd sums by the fact that only half of their members were appealing to the constituencies. In this way we never would have a new board of aldermen; half of the thirty would be experienced. A Fire and Gas commissioner, a man for the Water-works, one for the Parks and Streets, one for the Health department, one for the Public Works could be elected by the citizens at large for a two years' term, and should be paid say $3000 per annum each for supervising their departments with a committee to act as an advisory board with power to control the appropriation. I believe that the president of the board of aldermen should be elected by the aldermen, and that the Mayor should be an executive officer with the veto power which could not be overridden by anything less than a two-thirds majority. In this way we would have a city government which would not be disturbed every year. I don't believe in three-year terms for the Mayor. If the Mayor have the veto power two years should be the outside; there would be no danger in retaining it as at present. We have outgrown our present aldermanic system and our present system of a mayor who has responsibility without power. Of course when we have a Mayor like E. F. Clarke, who has a large capacity for ruling men, he exerts a personal authority which is no mean factor in controlling municipal legislation, but any system is good when it is well administered. When we have a good system and a good administrator it will be better.

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Bro. McRae of Clan William, Man., is a good example of how a man can be religious without having his pockets affected thereby. He was a stern Presbyterian, but when his wife gave ten dollars to the church, the miser went and hanged himself, and she, poor foolish woman, cut him down and spared his miserable life. Unhindered, he endeavored to drown himself, but again she rescued him and kept him alive until the church people refunded his money. He is the most glowing example of meanness which has been made public for many years, and unless his spirit widens when he dies and goes up before the great white throne, he will feel more like hanging or drowning himself than he did last week. Can any one conceive of a more measly spectacle than a $10 suicide? If the $10 were given to the church for a good purpose—and churches are not supposed to ask money for a bad one—why should this creeping thing with a man's name want to make a holy show of himself and his family by going crazy over the price of ten bushels of wheat?

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I have just finished reading Robert Elsmere, and after having perused over a dozen reviews and as many sermons condemnatory of the book, I feel inclined to assert that it would be a very poor nature indeed which would not be elevated and stimulated by the trials of the conscientious parson who found such inspiration in the manhood of Christ. Perhaps as a continuous text it would weaken our ideal of the divinity, were we to hear only of the human beauties of that greatest of all great men. And, having read the book, I can admire the beautiful pictures of Christ the young carpenter, his lowly yet lovely life, his wonderful sacrifices, the beauty of his disposition, the tears of his humanity, the love of a soul which was altogether lovely, and not have reduced by one iota my ideal of the divinity which brightened the beautiful soul of the glorious man. At best we can only conceive of a mysterious something which made him different from other men. In the picture drawn in Robert Elsmere we can still see and more than ever appreciate the extended circumference of his soul and mind which in our feeble eye is godhood. That the divine halo extended beyond what we conceive, up to the ineffable glory of heaven, an make no difference to our ideal, because we cannot understand it. That the story fixes in our minds a more glorious personage and more lovely life than has been indwelling in our most religious thoughts is a sufficient excuse for a sincere writer to place before us her brightest and most vivid conception of Christ. Poor Catherine! I feel sorry for her. I feel sorry for every one who is so narrow they must cease to love the one they should most love because he or she may differ in conception of either present duty or the future state. That the story is misleading—that, like all theosophic stories, it is materialistic—I don't believe. We can argue on from that which we know to that which we don't know. Poor human beings that we are we cannot build from the sky down; we must build from the earth up.

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John Ward, Preacher (J. Theo. Robinson, publisher, Montreal), has been lying on my table for three weeks, and after I had finished Robert Elsmere, I took a great delight in reading it. Oddly enough, written by a woman (Margaret Deland), published at the same time as the other, it also deals with the difference of religious faith of husband and wife. In Robert Elsmere, Catherine was the Calvinist, and Robert the Liberal; in John Ward, Helen was the Liberal and John Ward the Calvinist. It is a delightful study to take both books and read the vivid portraiture of people in which the hero and heroine are so conversely placed. Catherine could not endure Robert Elsmere's awful heterodoxy, and was in a continual state of fear lest not only his soul might be lost, but her own involved in the catastrophe. John Ward believed in the old-fashioned fiery hell, the lake of boiling brimstone, and because Helen could not comprehend this awful ideal of justice and retribution he put her away from him, though his own life was sweet and tender, and the tendrils of his affection entwined themselves as closely around his heretical wife as the earliest shoots of the honeysuckle cling to the supports up which it climbs to reach the warmth of the sunlit wall. In the latter story poor Joe Davis' wife is one of the strong portraits. Joe Davis while half drunk rushes into the flames to save the life of a child and drops dead on his return from his fruitless errand. John Ward and Deacon Dean tell the wife that he has gone to hell, because he was an unregenerate drunkard, and poor Mrs. Dean admits the justice of it, and says while she cannot love God any more she will still cling to her religion. Helen argues with her, and says that "God is merciful as well as just"; but Mrs. Dean won't have it. She wants her religion and will hang to it even at the sacrifice of her love for God. It is a strange mixture of phrases. John Ward, Preacher, is an awakening book, nor will it be suspected by the clergy of being as dangerous as Robert Elsmere. For popular reading the former book will have the greater sale; it is not so long a story and every line of it is full of a life and movement such as we understand, and though it is not so deep as Robert Elsmere it has a depth of its own which will repay every reader.

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Speaking of coincidences, following What Dreams May Come is another of J. Theo. Robinson's publications entitled The Mystery of Martha Warne; a Tale of Montreal, by Arthur Campbell. It is a story of a spirit reappearing on earth, and impresses one with the sincerity and almost with the truth of the tale, though it deals with the return of the dead from the other world. What Dreams May Come has excited great attention, so should the Mystery of Martha Warne, which being by a Canadian, should have a good sale here.

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Everybody else has been talking so much about the Jeffery trouble, I have kept quiet; but now that it is proposed that a purse be made up by the citizens for the big-hearted man who has evidently got the worst of it from the capitalists who are engineering the Western Methodist Church scheme, I feel like suggesting that Toronto will stand one more church, to be built and managed somewhat after the style of the Church of the Strangers in New York, and the Rev. Mr. Jeffery would be a good pastor for it. The down-town churches are all moving into the more fashionable and residential districts. The religious welfare of the people who live above stores, in flats and tenements, and who congregate in alleys, lanes and narrow streets down-town is being neglected. The strangers at the hotels and that great class which somehow feels forced into a Bohemian and irreligious attitude needs special looking after. If those who propose to raise a fund for Mr. Jeffery would organize a citizens' movement to build a church, or to acquire an edifice in the locality I have suggested they would be doing a great and noble work. My ideal of such a church would be that every able clergyman in the city should volunteer one or two sermons a year in which the doctrinal points which separate religious bodies would be avoided; that the church should have a pastor, a man after the style of Mr. Jeffery, who would fill the vacant places and devote himself to pastoral work amongst the poor and careless. A church of that kind needs no membership in the sense of having communicants, nor would it be wise to call such an effort a mission, for that would frighten people away. I feel confident I could name fifty men who would give fifty dollars a year towards the support of such an institution if assured of the co-operation of other churches to the extent of donating their pastor's services one Sunday out of the year. The best singers, the best readers and those who know how to make a service attractive, could be got to volunteer for services of this kind. A large church building with free seats, good singing, good reading, earnest preaching, where the best efforts of every clergyman in the city could be heard, would attract those who now never go near a church, and an incalculable amount of religious enthusiasm would be excited, which would result in increasing the membership of the various churches as well as causing a large attendance at the Church of the Strangers. There need be no jealousy on the part of other churches. I suggest this because churches, like individuals, are jealous. The pastor who makes an impression, if he gave the Monday evening following his sermon to receiving inquiries in the pastor's room, could take the inquirer with him and minister to his wants and education with his own flock. Yet the whole question, after all, resolves itself into the willingness of churches to let their pastors engage in such a work. If they consented, $50,000 could be raised in a month to erect the edifice, and from $5,000 to $10,000 to ensure its permanence. There are a vast number of men in Toronto who give nothing to churches because they go to none, and yet they would be delighted to feel, unsaved as they are, that they are doing a little something, and these very men would be the first to receive benefit by engaging indirectly in such work. Interest a man's pocket and very soon he will want to go around and see what is being done with the money he is subscribing. There are hundreds of men religiously homeless who are mighty well able to give, and generous enough to give largely, but they want to do it in a way which will not leave them open to the suspicion of trying to hang on to the coat-tails of some church for social or business reasons. Mr. Jeffery is a loyal Methodist, but his loyalty would not, I imagine, go the length of refusing to assist in such a work as I suggest.

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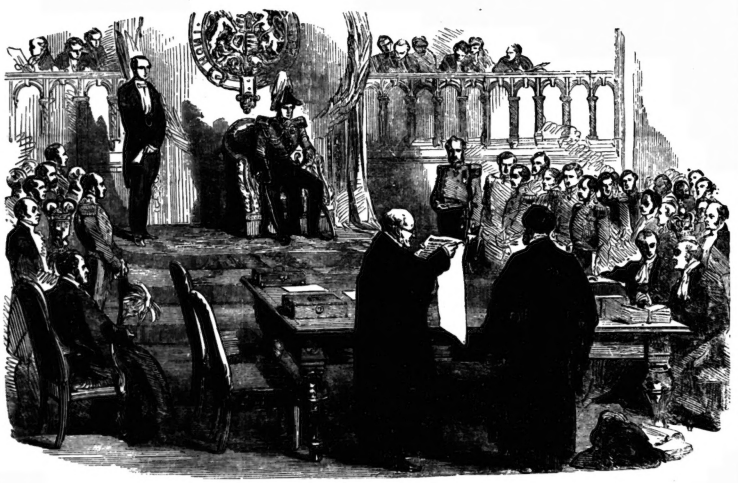

The Earl of Elgin Giving the Royal Assent to Bills Passed by the Canadian Legislature.

From the Illustrated London News, January 20th, 1855.

Had Trimmed Windows.

He (at Margate)—You must permit me to compliment you on the hat you are wearing. Miss Keepaway; it is most tastefully trimmed.

She—Oh, thank you, Mr. Vere de Vere; but isn't it rather unusual for gentlemen to give their attention to such matters?

He—Well, yes; I suppose it is. But a man who has trimmed as many show windows as—er—um—yes, excuse me, Miss Keepaway, perhaps you are finding the night chilly?

On Monday night I went to hear and see Mr. Grant Stewart give a Dramatic Recital in St. George's school house. The audience which had gathered to hear Mr. Stewart was one that smacked more of the classes than the masses, and was one which with time and persistent effort may possibly learn that some slight semblance of courtesy towards the one who labors for an audience's amusement is not an unbecoming thing even amongst those who very properly pride themselves as belonging to the salt of the universe. Possibly it may be that the acoustic properties of St. George's school house are not what they might be, but I know that between this drawback and the ceaseless clatter around me, it was quite a matter of difficulty at times to properly appreciate Mr. Stewart's undoubted talent. The programme consisted of nine numbers, which was, perhaps, a little on the lengthy side, although it did not strike me in that light, for the interest of the audience was well sustained from the opening of the programme to its close. Mr. Stewart is one whom nature and education have not treated in an unkindly spirit. His stage presence is decidedly graceful and his voice is pleasing to the ear. Future study and practice will doubtless do much for him in the way of gesture—which smacked somewhat of coldness last Monday night, and herein it seems to me lies Mr. Stewart's chief defect—he doesn't put as much heart into his work as he is undoubtedly capable of doing. Possibly on this account he was more successful in his lighter and brighter pieces, particularly his clever Musical Sketch (written expressly for the occasion), which was the most heartily received number on the programme. His rendering of Bret Harte's Her Letter I thought was very artistic, and this opinion is not weakened by my remembrance of a pretty chatterbox in Mr. Stewart's audience, who during the whole of this piece had eyes and ears only for the reciter of Her Letter. Parrhasius I was unable to appreciate from the simple fact that I never heard a word of it, thanks to the culture and good breeding which the nineteenth century has developed amongst us. Personally I don't complain of this, for my temperament is an easy, come-day, go-day, Heaven-send-Sunday sort of one, but in behalf of those who labor for our amusement I am constrained to offer a feeble protest against the glaring rudeness of a portion of last Monday night's audience in St. George's schoolhouse. I think after the above remarks that I shall have to refrain from following my usual custom of giving the names of those I saw.

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Mrs. Bain gave a most charming beauty dinner last Monday night. Amongst those present were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Small, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mrs. Torrance, Messrs. Harry Gamble, S. Small, Gamble Geddes, Mayne Campbell, Capt. Sears and Col. Otter. Mrs. Bain wore a handsome black velvet, and Miss Bain was becomingly dressed in a pale-gold gown.

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To Mr. Justice Morgan and Mrs. Morgan will belong the honors of being the first ball-givers of 1889. I know of few more desirable places for an event of such importance as the opening dance in the New Year, than the fine house which Judge Morgan has lately built on Lowther avenue. Thursday, January 10, nine p.m. —so runs the legend of the cards.

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To Mrs. A. H. Campbell of Carbrooke, the Queen's Park, and to Miss Campbell, is due the credit of an idea which will help to remove the feelings of comparative boredom and unreal joviality with which Christmas is regarded by people whose love for oranges and puddings has not withstood the lapse of time. When one has reached the age of giving presents rather than receiving them, one does not look forward to Christmas day as one used, and until the hour when one dresses to dine out or to receive guests, one may find the day long and its uncertain nature a nuisance. This year people who have been lucky enough to receive Mrs. Campbell's invitations, and these are not a few, will be able to attend an afternoon At Home at Carbrooke. Tea parties there are always pleasant, and such an un-Christmaslike entertainment will be a great boon.

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I believe that at the New Year the late partial mourning of the inmates of Government House will be at an end. I am also informed that there is to be a ball there while the year is still young, not however, as many people think, at the beginning of January. The end of the month or the beginning of February is the probable date.

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I am told that the committee of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club is going to make a great effort this year to restore the annual ball to its former brilliancy and good report. It is almost universally admitted that this can only be done by an entire alteration in the method of issuing the invitations. The disadvantage of the present system, or rather want of any proper system, is so patent that an entire reform is really imperative. Year after year the personnel of the ball has included more and more most undesirable guests, and the number of people whom everybody would admit ought to have been asked, and who have yet been left out, has steadily increased.

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On Tuesday last Mrs. James Strachan's pretty house on Richmond street was the scene of one of the charming afternoon teas for which this lady is so justly renowned. When people are bidden to Mrs. Strachan's house they know that they will meet just the people they best like to meet, and none others. They also know that their entertainment will be ordered in every other respect in exactly the right way, for their hostess is a mistress in the social art. The special reason of Mrs. Strachan's tea last Tuesday had not developed beforehand, and it was not known that the affair was to serve as an introduction to that part of society of whom he will probably see most, of a certain gallant young officer of engineers. There has been a good deal of anticipative curiosity about this gentleman, about his probable looks, manner, etc., and gratification of the curious was not long delayed, for he only arrived from England on Tuesday morning. Among Mrs. Strachan's guests were Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Miss Jessie McInnes of Montreal, Miss Robinson, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Shanly, Mr. Shanly, the Misses Strachan of Trinity College, Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Jones, the Messrs. Jones, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Williams of London, Eng., Miss Hodgins, Miss Mabel Heward, the Messrs. Heward, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. Boulton, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Mr. Herman Boulton, Mr. Fox, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, the Misses Wragge, Prof. and Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Bain of Cumberland, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Heward, Capt. Sears, Mr. P. Goldingham.

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Mr. Castle and Miss Castle of London, England, have been spending a week in Toronto. This lady and gentleman left on Wednesday for the Northwest, but promise that if they do not like it they will return to winter here. If the thermometer at Winnipeg stays as many degrees below zero as to-day's papers report I should imagine that the latter contingency would be probable.

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Mrs. Meyrick Banks has again postponed her departure for Europe for a week, but her daughter is considerably better.

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Mr. Williams of the Royal Engineers has left his quarters at Aldershot, and has come to Toronto to spend some months' leave. Mr. Williams is at present the guest of Mrs. James Strachan on Richmond street.

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Mr. and Mrs. McArthur of Victoria, B. C., have come to town to pay a long visit to various friends. I only hope the wintry reception that has been afforded them will not cause them to return hurriedly to their own softer climate.

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Miss Jessie McInnes of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Stephen Heward of Peter street. Miss McInnes has been keeping open house for a few weeks at Dundurn, her father's place at Hamilton. One of the finest residences in the province, it is a pity that Dundurn is so seldom occupied.

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If the audience at the Vocal Society's concert at the Pavilion on Tuesday was not particularly fashionable, it was large and representative. In the front row of the gallery sat the society's President, Mr. J. K. Kerr and Mrs. Kerr, Miss Robinson, Messrs. Hume Blake, Cronyn, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. Edin Heward and Miss Williams, while in such parts of the house as I could see, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Buchan, Mrs. Bain of Cumberland, England, the Misses Maclean, Mr. Small, Mr. Moffatt, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Arkle, Miss Blake, Mrs. Dupont, Mr. Strange, Mr. and Miss Castle of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, Mr. Rutherford, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. C. Macpherson, the Misses Stewart, Miss Campbell, Mr. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp.

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An always welcome visitor from Montreal, Mr. Colin Campbell, was in town this week.

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The audiences at the Grand this week have been once more more or less fashionable, but on no one night was there a specially "swagger" house. For this we must wait until next week. Gilbert & Sullivan are a talisman that will not fail.

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Mrs. Ramsey Wright's tea party last Saturday was small, but the right people were there, and it was consequently pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Wright's new house on Spadina avenue, near Bloor street, was pronounced charming.

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It was only towards the end of their second visit that fashion discovered the charm of the Hungarian band. Both on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, the remarkably comfortable seats at the Permanent Exhibition were occupied by many smart people.

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On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty gave a small but very enjoyable Carpet Dance. The Oaks was comfortably filled without being crowded, and after a really long abstinence from the pleasures of the dance, people entered on its incomparable pleasures with great zest. The small hours were beginning to get large again before Mrs. Beatty's guests sought their homes.

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A largely attended At Home was given last Saturday afternoon by Miss Dick of St. George street. Among those present were: Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Duncan Coulson, Mrs. John Leys and Miss Leys, Mrs. S. C. Wood and Miss Wood, Mrs. Langtry and the Misses Langtry, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Smith, Mrs. Hugh Scott and Miss H. Scott, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, the Misses Fraser, the Misses Macdonald, Miss Ireland, Miss Milligan, Mrs. D. O. Brooke and Messrs. Strickland, Howard, Jones, Williams, Milligan, Hope, Wade, Boulton, Allan-Scatcherd, Prof. Baker, Prof. Vandersmissen, Lyman Dwight and Baldwin.

Personal.

The engagement of Mr. Frank M. Seare to Miss Minnie Smith, oldest daughter of Dr. A. Smith, is announced.

On Thursday night the Queen of the West and Dominion Lodges, of the Canadian Order of Oddfellows, gave a first-class concert and conversazione in Victoria Hall, Queen street East. Mr. T. V. Gearing occupied the chair during the evening, which was most heartily enjoyed by all present.

Mr. H. K. Parkes of the Bank of Commerce left the other day to take a position in the Goderich branch, held until lately by Mr. James Strachan, who has been attached to the North Toronto agency. Mr. Strachan's departure from Goderich was made the occasion of a farewell gathering at the residence of Mr. R. S. Williams.

It was with feelings of painful surprise that many friends heard of the sudden demise of the Rev. Canon O'Meara, rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Canon O'Meara belonged to the Evangelical school of thought, and was widely revered, not in his own parish only, but throughout the whole province.

A Canadian Singer's Success.

The success which Mrs. Agnes Thomson has achieved in New York is scarcely less gratifying to herself than to her scores of friends in Toronto. It is no small thing for a Canadian singer to go to New York, comparatively speaking unknown, and in a few weeks achieve the eminence in its musical world which has become Mrs. Thomson's portion. What probably contributed not a little to her instantaneous triumph was her charm of manner, her gracious sweetness of disposition and her easy, pleasant, natural appearance on the concert platform. Mrs. Thomson has the happy faculty of establishing a feeling of sympathy with her auditors as soon as she appears, and this adds a grace, a charm, a naturalness to her singing which makes it doubly sweet to listen to.

Evening Gown.
PRODUCTION OF THE ATRADOME, KING STREET EAST

Novel design in white tulle, with squares of white silk. The wide Directoire sash of moire comes under the arms, crosses in front, tied with large bow on left side.

E. BEETON
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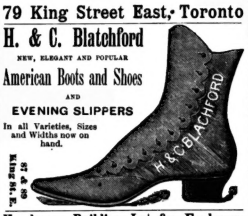

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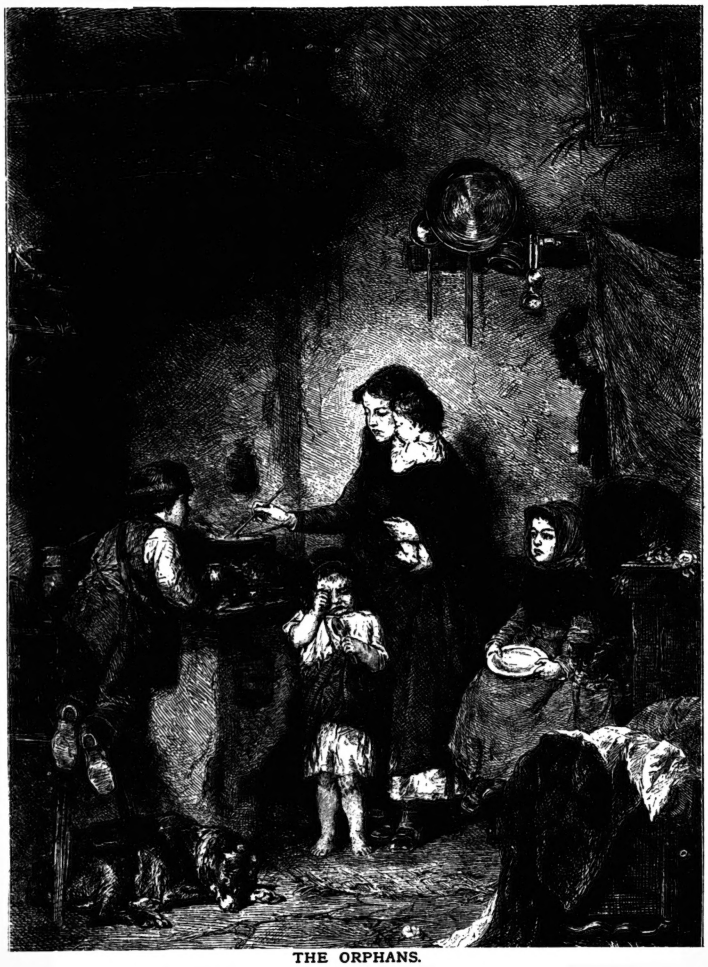

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CHAPTER XVI.

PLEADING IN VAIN.

In Mrs. King's beautiful drawing-room, a week or so after the Gospel Hall Dell in the Pavilion, Bee McKinley sat in earnest and confidential conversation with Dell Browning.

"There isn't any doubt about it, Bee, he went straight from the Pavilion and got tipsy at the club. It is the most disgraceful exhibition of callous hypocrisy I ever heard of."

"But Dell, there must be another side to it. You know how much Mrs. Chandler makes out of a very little, and you really ought to give the poor fellow a chance. His companions may have joked and sneered until, to quiet them, he went to the club, and there influenced by his surroundings took more than was good for him."

"But what circumstances should influence a man when he has started out to do right and has made what was really a public profession, and then brings all his friends into disgrace as Tully has?"

"Really, Dell, I can't say, but something tells me that he will be able to explain it. Now you needn't try to hide it from me, I know you like Steve Tully and I know he likes you, and if he goes to the bad I'll always believe more or less that it is your fault, because you are exactly the kind of a woman who could save him if you tried. What he needs are good surroundings and he would be a great deal better than the ordinary husband. Now, if I had been Steve Tully, and was trying to be a gentleman, worthy of you, and you had pointedly stayed away as you did that night, I would have just gone and got as drunk as a lord. It was the meanest trick I ever saw you play on anybody."

"I don't think it was mean at all. He wasn't singing for me. There were plenty of people there to encourage him, and Madge said it was the most enthusiastic audience she ever saw."

"But you weren't there, and unless I am very much mistaken you were the audience that Tully wanted. I could see him looking for you."

"If he hasn't more strength of character than would take him through one night and over one disappointment—though, mind, I don't believe my being away was a disappointment—he is unworthy the name of a man."

"Now, Dell, what makes you preach so much? You didn't use to be so exacting. You know where there is much love there is great weakness."

"Yes, but if so much weakness goes with much love I would rather have less. Steve Tully's weakness go ahead of his love a long way, and are not caused by it. He is ready to fall in love with anybody who will encourage him, and he proceeds to fall out again with just as much ease."

Bee sat silent for a moment with her little gloved hands clasped over her knee. "Well, I don't remember any time he has ever fallen in love with me, and I have given him most outrageous chances, for I have been in love with him at least a dozen times and sister Kit has had one continuous spasm of devotion to him, lasting over two years, and in fact all the girls in our set are "gone" on him and he has done nothing more than joke and flirt with them in the most distinctly cavalier fashion, so no one could make a mistake. It was quite a revelation to me the other evening to see how he acted to you. I couldn't imagine him so serious."

"Oh, fudge, Bee, don't be so absurd. He is as incapable of feeling as that chair."

"I don't think so. I believe he was describing his own feelings when he said the most sensitive people are the ones who clothe themselves with some haughty or egotistical manner so as to protect themselves from the hard knocks people would give them if they became familiar."

"It is all very well for you to talk, but I have seen so many exhibitions of Tully's cold selfishness that I can't and won't believe in him."

"But, Dell, do you understand him? The very fact that he has betrayed all these qualities ought to convince you that he is natural and disdains to conceal anything. More than that, he is ashamed to betray the best side of him for fear you might think him a hypocrite. If he were as gay a deceiver as you seem to think him he could play his part much better than he has with you."

"I think he has played his part sufficiently well to deceive you, but one of the worst features of his character is, that he considers himself so irresistible that he doesn't need to conceal his true nature. He imagines that with everyone to know him is to love him. Dad as he is, but I for one detest him except at sufficiently rare intervals to somehow bring his life and mine into collision."

"You are too deep for me, Dell, I must confess," said Bee, looking up with serio-comic gravity. "I don't follow your metaphysics."

"What I mean is, that there is an attraction about Tully which at times is sufficient to overcome one's impulses to fight with him, and after one gets used to seeing him one feels almost inclined to like him—

"—Oh, I knew you did. You needn't think it is any rare confidence to own up to it," exclaimed Bee.

"—But I am not owning up to it except in the most general way. You always like him, I can't endure him nine times out of ten."

"But the tenth time, Dell! Don't you think he is just sweet then?"

"No, you goose, I do not, I never get farther than wishing that I dare like him."

"Then you are in love, Dell Browning. I know it. When anyone is afraid to like anyone it always ends in failure; but if one is afraid to, the very danger of it makes it delightful, and what is fascinating always wins."

"I suppose you ought to know," said Dell, drily, "you have had such a large experience."

"Now, Dell, you are getting meaner every day. It was just reserved for you to sneer because I never had one real, actual fellow. Everybody else has nagged me about it. I can't even criticize Kit's hair without being told I know nothing about it, and if I had better taste I would have more beaux, and the strongest tie which bound your soul and mine together was that you had never told me that I was cut out for a silly old maid, and that if I didn't use something my hair would be red."

"But you have had a worshipper, Bee, and I wasn't denying it. What about Teddy Grigsby?"

"That is the last straw, Dell! If you want to stir up the bitterness of my soul, first refer to my failure to excite the admiration of young men, and then inquire about Teddy Grigsby. That Grigsby person is really to blame for spoiling my chances of marrying. Poor old thing, isn't he absurd?"

"But he is not old, Bee—not over thirty."

"But the looks of it! six feet six, if it were straightened out, though I have never seen Teddy standing upright but once—when he was yawning. I was singing, and he thought I couldn't see him, and he reached out his full length and nearly touched the ceiling. He fell down in the parlor the other day; he is so nearsighted he thought the conversation chair was a foot-stool and tried to step over it and fell right in mamma's lap. She screamed, and brought in father and Kit and all the rest of the girls, and poor Teddy was afraid to get up for fear he would break something. I have asked him twenty times as a personal favor to me never to speak my praises in public or in private for that matter, and if he must come to the house always to inquire for sister Kit."

Dell laughed. "When did you make that arrangement.

"Oh, just last time, when he fell down. Poor old thing, he roared and laughed, and thought it was the funniest thing that ever happened, but when I told him to ask for sister Kit, he really blushed—with confusion to think I was ashamed of him, I suppose. Poor Teddy! I want some man people don't laugh at even if he is grim and stern—someone that will be scared of. When I have a lover he'll be the most frightful person, only he mustn't be jealous. I don't believe I could stand jealousy in a man; it is such a mean trick; it makes a man look so small, and as if he had no opinion of himself. That would be one good thing about Tully—I don't think he would ever be jealous."

"No, Bee, I don't think he would; but his wife—she would either have to be blind to facts or the green-eyed monster would surely mark her for his own."

Bee lifted her eyebrows curiously as she asked, "What makes you think so?"

Dell noticed Bee's odd look and blushed violently. "Nothing in particular," said she, "except it is the nature of the man to make love to every woman he sees."

"Even if it is, what difference would it make, because I am just as sure as I am alive, that he is the kind of a man who could only love one woman, and she shouldn't mind if he smiles on more."

"Well, I certainly would mind. My pride, if nothing else, would rebel if my husband made no greater effort to please me than to charm every woman he met."

"I must go, Dell; it is getting late," said Bee, rising from her seat and clasping her pretty little hands behind Dell's neck, who had also risen and stood four or five inches taller than the happy little woman who was more than two years her senior.

The level bars of the bright winter sunlight streamed in through the half open blinds, touching with brilliant beauty two faces which any man might love, though any man looking upon them for the first time would feel no perplexity in choosing. They were so unlike they could never be rivals. One woman could never take the lover from the other. A man who would first fancy Dell would never choose Bee, and the few who might prefer Bee would never think of Dell. It is in these unlikenesses the truest friendships can be found, and as little Bee looked wistfully up at the lovely face of her companion, tears gathered in her brown eyes.

"Oh, Dell, Dell, I feel like bawling! I know some trouble is gathering over you and it is about Steve Tully. I haven't much sense, mamma says I haven't any, Kit says if I would only quit at the right place I would be very nice for a reception afternoon, but after all I believe I have an instinct which keeps me out of trouble as surely as other people's smartness, and whatever it is, it tells me that you ought to be kinder to poor Tully, both for your own good and his."

Dell's arm was thrown around Bee's neck, and she gave her little friend a couple of quick kisses before she answered.

"Bee, I'll agree with your mother, that you haven't the least little bit of sense, if you ever say another word to me about Tully. You are taking this matter too much to heart. When I have taken it to heart at all it will be time enough for your kind little soul to interest itself. You busy yourself getting Teddy Grigsby to transfer his affections to Kit, and then I will help you hunt up someone suitable for yourself."

"Well," sighed Bee, "I guess I am to be always considered a miserable little giggler without any sense, but, Dell, you will remember now what I have told you some day when you are sorry."

Dell's face clouded. "I may have to be sorry," said she, "for him—for others—but while things remain as they are I sha'n't have any reason to be sorry for myself, so if your sympathy is for me don't waste it, my sweet little Bee."

Before she reached the next corner, absorbed by her thoughts, Bee was hurrying past Stephen Tully when he grasped both her hands, exclaiming: "Now, Bee, I didn't think this of you. Though all men turn against me, I felt sure that you would still find some excuses for the prodigal."

"Why, Steve Tully," she ejaculated breathlessly.

"And didn't you see me before? I thought you were hurrying past and trying to give me the dead cut."

"You think that because you deserve it, you silly and unaccountable man. I have just been trying to make excuses for you to Dell, and yet you suspect me of trying to get past without seeing you.

"I really didn't suspect you, Bee, but what did Dell say?"

"Not very much; still she likes you, Tully, and if you would only behave yourself—but I suppose that is impossible."

"I suppose it is. If she would only be as kind to me as you are, I think almost anything would be possible."

"Tell her so," whispered Bee, "right now. I have prepared her by saying that very thing. Good night."

"Good night," he answered, still holding her hands for a moment and wondering why fate had denied him the happiness of falling in love with such a sweet little woman as Bee. When he rang the bell at 25 Mowburn street, he was trembling with anxiety and confusion. The maid showed him at once into the drawing-room, and there he discovered the quiet and self-possessed Miss Browning, who, expecting no more callers that afternoon, was half-reclining on a sofa, her face buried in the cushions.

"I am afraid I disturb," he stammered.

"Not at all," she answered, coldly, though even in the deepening twilight he could see that her eyes were wet.

"Nothing but important business would have brought me here, Miss Browning, for I feel like the prodigal son who has sinned against God and in thy sight."

"Never mind any excuses, Mr. Tully. I have no right to ask them, and I assure you it would be quite unnecessary for you to offer them."

"I didn't intend to trouble you," he answered, stiffly, "with excuses; these papers are relative to your estate. If you will permit me, I will explain them and witness your signature. There would have been no necessity for this interview, only I—er—had signed my name as witness, and it is—er—necessary for me to—er—er—witness both signatures."

"I will have the gas lit, Mr. Tully."

"Oh, never mind," said he, with his most professional air, "there is still light enough at the window."

Seating himself he read the papers very correctly, explaining the technical terms and the intention of the indenture, which meant the investment of some twenty thousand dollars in the guaranteed stocks of a loan society which was supposed to be prosperous.

"You will notice," said he, as the maid brought in the ink, "that Mr. Stryde has already signed this document."

She glanced at the signature, remarking, "Then it must be all right."

"Ah, Miss Browning, I think that was an unnecessary stab," said he, reproachfully. "I have tried to see that it was all right. Please continue to give me credit for professional rectitude, if no other."

"I did not intend to question it," she answered quietly, returning the pen to its rest.

"Miss Browning," began Tully, hurriedly, "you have always told me that I seek to lay my sins on the shoulders of others. I am not trying to excuse my—if for the faults I have been guilty of since I was here last. They have at least brought me to a sense of my own unworthiness and how futile it is for me to attempt to be better unless I have some good influence leading me on, some surroundings to protect me and some hope that, if ever I do better, that you will think more kindly of me than you do now. I feel ashamed, desperate at—

"Mr. Tully, don't imagine that you can do good or be good if you have no more worthy object in view than pleasing me or any human being. Unless you do it for a higher purpose and look for divine help, all your attempts will be great failures as the last."

"But, Dell," he cried, desperately, "help me start. Until I learn to appreciate a higher power, lend me your aid. It would be enough to get me out of the miserable mire in which I am sinking deeper every day."

Had it not been for his abrupt entrance and the position in which he had found her, she would have relented. Now, though pride forbade her to be gentle, a sudden impulse to trust him, to love him, threatened to overpower her, and she sought safety in the simple answer, "I cannot trust you if you cannot trust yourself."

At that moment of self-abnegation Stephen Tully felt the rebuff most keenly, and his bitterness found resentful expression.

"Had you been in the Pavilion to encourage me even by one wintry smile, my first attempt to behave myself would not have resulted as it did, but you so obviously impressed your distrust upon me that I could not trust myself. Now you reiterate it; I presume you are right. It would be folly for me to make any more attempts."

His voice was broken and husky. Ashamed of his weakness he hastily muttered "Good night" and hurried to the door. In another moment she would have stopped him, but it was one of the moments which sometimes eternally separate men and women from happiness—aye! even from salvation.

(To be Continued.)

Satisfied The President.

Stories of Abe Lincoln always pass as coin everywhere, and it isnot too late for a new one. It was told by his son Robert to a friend in Washington, and there is no doubt of its genuineness. "My father while President," said Robert Lincoln, "liked to stroll about Washington without any escort or show of distinction and he sometimes strayed into curious company. One day, as a lad, I accompanied him down a back street where we encountered a regiment of soldiers marching past. My father was curious to know what particular body of troops this was, and as soon as he came within hailing distance he inquired, without addressing anybody in particular: 'Well, what's this? Quick as the word came a reply from somewhere in the detachment: 'Why, it's a regiment of soldiers, you old fool, you!'"

Unsophisticated.

Mr. Hennessey Martel (as his wife turns her back).—Did n't you see me wink when you drew that soda?

Van Iller Beane (the new clerk).—Y-Y-Yes, sir; but we can't sell nothin' for the eyes without a perscription.—*Puck.*

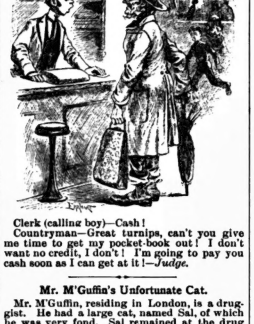
An Incident of the Ball.

Mr. Creedmore—Whad's d' mattah wiv yo' fren', Mistah Quimpley, whad yo'se ingaged to, Lily?

Miss Creedmore—Oh, he's tareble touchy! I jes' called him a low-down, goodfernothin' thief of a son-of-a-gamboo g'rilla, en he stopped d' dance.

Mr. Creedmore—Bettah be car'ful whadjer says, chile. He might git mad 'f he t'ought yo' wuz triflin'.

A Little Misunderstanding



Clerk (calling boy)—Cash!

Countryman—Great turnips, can't you give me time to get my pocket-book out! I don't want no credit, I don't! I'm going to pay you cash soon as I can get at it!—*Judge.*

Mr. M'Guffin's Unfortunate Cat.

Mr. M'Guffin, residing in London, is a druggist. He had a large cat, named Sal, of which he was very fond. Sal remained at the drug shop all the time, and was known all over the neighborhood as a quiet and reserved cat. If Sal frisked about the district after office hours nobody seemed to know anything about it. She would be there, bright and cheerful, the next morning, and attend her duties at the shop as though nothing whatever had happened.

On a day last summer Mr. M'Guffin left a large plate of fly-paper with water on it in the window, hoping to gather a few quarts of flies in a deceased state. Sally used to go up to this window during the afternoon and look out on the busy street, while she called up some memories, so she went over on the counter and from there jumped down on the window-sill, leading with all four feet in the plate of fly-paper. At first she regarded it as a joke, and treated the matter very lightly, but later on she observed that the fly-paper stuck to her feet with great tenacity of purpose.

Those who have never seen the look of surprise and deep sorrow that a cat wears when she finds herself glued to a whole sheet of fly-paper, cannot fully appreciate the way Sally felt. She did not dash wildly through a £50 plate-glass window, as some cats would have done. She controlled herself, and acted in the coolest manner, though you could have seen that mentally she suffered intensely. She sat down a moment to more fully outline a plan. In doing so she made a great mistake. The gesture resulted in glueing the fly-paper to her

It Had to Crop Out.

Mrs. Newtinne (at the fair of the Nob Hill Ladies' Progressive Society)—I'm so much obliged to you, Mr. Winchendon. These social duties are so hard to perform, you know, even with the assistance of our best blooded people. (Forgetting herself.) Ca-a-a-sh!

Hardly as it Should Be.

Mr. Brentley (in the heat of passion)—There is not a single hour in the day when our home is happy!

Mrs. Brentley—Oh, yes, there is, my dear!

Mr. Brentley—I'd like to know when it comes in!

Mrs. Brentley—It always comes in just after you have gone out. (And he started the happy hour at once).

His Last Chance.

"It seems to me," said a mother to a young girl who was about to be married, "that your future husband is a little too exacting. He wants this, that and the other; I consider him a perfect nuisance."

"Well, dear mamma, we can afford to indulge him for once. Let him have his way now—you know 'twill be the last time."

A Great Inducement.

Miss Brown—Why, what's the matter, Mr. Paulus; you look fatigued—hard work?

Mr. Paulus—No, not that exactly; but I went to church three times last Sunday—at different churches—and 'twas the same old thing at all three.

Miss Brown—Why don't you come over to our church? We have good music, comfortable pews, and not one word about Robert Elsmere.

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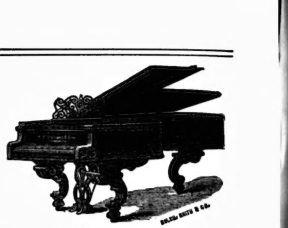

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Johny Pettigrew's Strange Trip to Montreal.

For Saturday Night.

Little Johnny Pettigrew sat by the side of the kitchen fire toasting his toes. Perhaps I should have said stewing his toes, for as he pressed his weary feet against the not stove a cloud of steam rose slowly from his rough cowhide boots, showing how little protection they had afforded their small owner against the snow, and growing every moment, as they dried and shrivelled, more like the ugly imitation boots the candy shops display. Johnny was struck by the resemblance himself, and, giving another poke to the fire and placing the kettle where it would boil, he threw himself back in his chair and fell to wondering at the very strange taste which preferred a boot like his to hold candies in to one of those lovely blue or scarlet or bronze slippers which are to be seen in the windows of the many shoe shops.

It wanted just ten minutes by the clock which ticked on top of the dresser, to the time when Jack's mother would return. It was ten minutes to seven when she left him in the morning, and all the long day Jack had to take care of and amuse himself, for his mother, like many other poor women, was obliged to wash every day in order to have money to buy their daily bread and such poor clothing as they could get out of their spare cents. So when Saturday came round and there was no school to go to Johnny had to while away the time as best he could, eating his midday meal alone, playing marbles or keeping a watchful eye on all the fire stations in the vicinity so that he might be on hand at the earliest possible moment after the alarm rang.

This had been an unusually exciting day. It was the day before Christmas. There had been more fires than usual because of the tremendous amount of cooking I suppose. Besides, the whole city was wrapped in a soft, white blanket of snow which had fallen during the night so that instead of the jar of wagon wheels on the rough pave nent, the air was full of the sound of jingling bells and ringing voices. Johnny had wandered further from home than was his wont—and into unaccustomed places. He had sauntered down to the Esplanade, which is not as much patronized by small boys in winter as in summer. Kicking his feet together to keep them warm he had stood for nearly an hour gazing out at the ice boats which were scudding back and forward on the bay. They looked like large white birds, he thought. He was only a shabby, freckled, untaught, little boy, yet you would have been surprised to know how much he enjoyed the pretty picture made by the deep blue sky, the snow, and the glittering ice studed here and there with sails.

Then when he could bear the cold no longer he had slipped into the Union Depot to watch the departing trains, and now as he sat waiting for his mother to enter, scenes he had witnessed, and remarks he had overheard, came rushing into his mind. Remnants of his solitary dinner still lay on the table. It had been an unusually dainty meal, being made up of scraps which had been given to his mother at one of the houses where she was employed to do washing. Among the refuse which was heaped upon the plate the clean picked wing of a goose lay side by side with a sinewy drumstick or leg, as Johnny called it, for to him it tasted quite as sweet by one name as by another.

A most enjoyable sensation of rest and comfort stole over Johnny. He wondered if Niagara Falls was very far away, and if it were true that there was "no place like Hamilton on Christmas day," as he had heard one "dood" say to another as they boarded the train going west. He wondered what made Hamilton such a very attractive place, and pictured to himself a city of revelry and enjoyment such as would have made a scene from the Arabian Nights tame by comparison.

Gazing vacantly before him, his attention was suddenly attracted by the strange behavior of the wing, which, he was positive, he had, not half hours before, robbed of every scrap of flesh. Rising slowly from the plate the skeleton wing flapped three times and to Johnny's intense astonishment a magnificent goose stood where a moment before the wing had been. Hopping down from the table to the floor it began to plume itself and strut about the little kitchen. No sooner had this wonderful change taken place than the leg reared itself on end, gave three hops and instantly a second goose of quite as fine size as the first stood by its side. Before Johnny had time to recover from his surprise the roof of the kitchen rose like a trap door and sinking down like a soft feathery flake of snow, an iceboat, just large enough to hold two or three people of Johnny's size, stood in the middle of the floor. The geese, who had been gabbling to each other, ranged themselves side by side like a team of horses in front of the boat, passing their wings through a sort of harness which seemed to have been made especially to suit them. Then turning to Johnny, who was surprised to find that he could understand what they said, they begged him to make haste and jump in as they had a long journey before them. He lost no time in tumbling into the boat which he found was plentifully supplied with rugs, overcoats and wraps of the most exquisite furs of purest white. He was surprised to think how little noise the boat had made in its descent for on looking at it closely he found that it was built entirely of mother-of-pearl and silver with sails of white satin, the sort of harness which fitted over the backs and necks of the geese being of scarlet leather which looked lovely on their smooth grey and white backs. As soon as Johnny was seated comfortably the geese rose through the hole in the roof, uttering at the same time a peculiar cry from which Johnny concluded that they were wild geese, as indeed they were. The iceboat rose with them, and in a few minutes Johnny and his equipage were sailing through the moonlit air half a mile above the city. One of the geese informed Johnny that they were to take in some more passengers at Niagara Falls, but that they would go by way of Hamilton, so that he might see for himself what that city was like. Although he was surprised to learn that they knew what his thoughts about Hamilton had been Johnny concluded not to trouble the geese with questions, but pulling a fur cap down over his ears and a fur collar up over his nose he peered over the edge of the boat down at the glittering lake and snowy land dotted here and there with houses whose lamp-lit windows glowed like fire-flies in the distance. In an extremely short time they reached Hamilton, and Johnny was just the least little bit disappointed to find that city no nicer nor indeed quite as nice as Toronto. He thought again, as he had thought about the boots, that there was no accounting for tastes. However, he was glad to have seen the city; he would be ahead of most of his chums in this respect. He wondered if any of the boys had seen his departure. His mother would be alarmed when she returned and found his chair empty and his own old cap and muffler hanging behind the door. A little pain shot through Johnny's heart as he pictured his mother's loneliness, for he was both an affectionate and an obedient little lad. At this moment he felt the boat descending, and peering over the edge saw such a beautiful sight that he shouted aloud with delight. To be sure he saw a great deal more than most people do when they visit Niagara Falls, for as the boat descended they alighted on a block of ice directly under the falls from which point he could see thousands of little men no bigger than his thumb all muffled up in ulsters of warm mouse fur and caps of thistle-down, climbing up and down the frozen pillars, catching the spray in their hands as it rose, adding it to the pillars by breathing on it and freezing it with their breath, rounding off the tops of the columns, polishing them and covering the whole with diamond dust. They were never still a moment, but were constantly changing the appearance of the scene, which was one moment like a lot of fairy palaces and the next like the inside of a beautiful cathedral. These little men were under the direction of one who was about the size of Johnny Pettigrew. After the boat had been kept waiting for this little man for about ten minutes, he left some orders with a portion of his tiny workmen to meet him in Montreal, whither he was going, and then sliding rapidly down from the top of the falls to the bottom, hopped nimbly into the boat. He was a very remarkable looking little man, clad entirely in white fur. His hair hung over his shoulders in true artistic fashion. It looked like spun glass, but Johnny a'terwards saw that it was ice and was a fine icicle. His eyes shone like diamonds, and to add to the strangeness of his appearance, just where Johnny Pettigrew had a big brown freckle—right on the point of his nose—this funny little man had a diamond set. From head to foot his clothing fairly shimmered with diamond-dust. After saying "good-evening" to Jack in a crisp, sparkling voice he ordered the geese to drive on, whereupon, as it was now midnight and there need be no fear of disturbance, they skimmed lightly down the ice on the Niagara river. Just as the iceboat reached the borders of Lake Ontario another passenger sprang on board and without saying a word to anybody took the management of the boat into his own hands, setting the satin sails to suit himself. He was no bigger than the little man with the diamonds, that is to say he was generally quite a little man, but when he stood up to trim the sails his body would stretch out to something like six or seven feet, his arms would grow to a tremendous length and he would breathe so loudly that it resembled the bellowing of a bull. Then when he sat down he shut all up again like an accordeon and his breathing became quite low. This had a strange effect, as may be supposed, on his speaking voice, which, from a noise like thunder, would suddenly sink to a whisper or desert him altogether in the middle of a word. This was so funny that Johnny Pettigrew was on the point of bursting out laughing, but was restrained by the whispered warning of the other traveler who said:

"Don't you know who that is? Strange! He is quite an important person in Canada. That is Spirit-o'-the-Wind. Not a bad idea of yours keep on the right side of him, though a trifle changeable. Most people like his southern mood best, but for my part I get on best with his north side. It is not so deceptive. But when he is glum and easterly—ugh!" The little dandy shuddered and shook his head dismally.

By this time Johnny Pettigrew was growing very sleepy. It was an unusual thing for him to be awake at this hour and the rapidity with which they were moving made his eyes feel sore. From conversation he had overheard he knew they were now bound for Montreal, and perhaps Quebec. The scenery along the lake shore and down the St. Lawrence looked very pretty much the same in its winter garb, so Johnny cuddled down under the furs and tried to go asleep. At first he found the noise made by Spirit-o'-the-Wind very disturbing, but worse than that, the traveler seemed to be fond of practical joking for he was constantly tweaking Johnny's toes and fingers in a way that was very disagreeable. However, he desisted toward morning and Johnny fell sound asleep. From this sleep he was aroused by a violent shake and looking up discovered the Spirit-o'-the-Wind, who was asking him if he did not want some breakfast. He looked so very affable that Johnny concluded this must be one of his southern moods. The refreshments were a welcome sight to Johnny, who, as you know, had been waiting for his tea when he was surprised by the appearance of the geese. He felt quite set at ease by the breezy friendliness of manner displayed by Spirit-o'-the-Wind, who pressed him to partake of many tempting viands. Among these were frosted cake, ice cream, frosted snow, apple snow and blanc mange. These were all passed to him politely by Spirit-o'-the-Wind, the other passenger refusing to handle them, as, he said, they could be quite sure for Johnny to eat if he touched them ever so lightly. Just as Johnny had decided that this must be King Midas who turned everything he touched into gold, even his own food, he heard Spirit-o'-the-Wind address him as Lord Frost, and it dawned on Johnny's mind that this was the gentleman who takes such pleasure in hand-painting our windows when the weather is most severe. Scarcely had Johnny made this discovery when he startled his fellow-travelers by shrieking aloud and clapping both his hands over his mouth. He explained that he had been badly burnt by the ice cream, which was quite unlike any he had ever before tasted, that which he had got at a Sunday school picnic having been extremely cold. He was, therefore, quite unprepared for the shock of eating warm ice cream. The two little men assured him that as the bay steams on a very cold day, because the water is warmer than the air, so it was probably because of the chilling presence of Jack Frost and Lord Wind, as Jack had dubbed him, that the ice cream had seemed hot by comparison. They were now descending toward the mountain at Montreal. After some talk they had decided to remain on the top of the mountain all day, and to go down into the city in the evening, as Johnny's companions assured him that this beautiful city looked even more beautiful by moonlight. Lord Wind invited Johnny to join him in a game of "drift," which was very amusing, and between them they had soon swept the mountain quite clean on the top, showering the snow down and blocking the roads below. During the game Lord Wind told Johnny wonderful stories of his cousin, the Blizzard-of-the-Northwest, who, he said, thought nothing of driving his chariot, drawn by eight white-and-grey horses all abreast, over thousands of miles in a single night.

When Johnny got tired of playing he went and lay down in the boat, and the geese who had returned from a dip in the St. Lawrence told him of their cool northern rivers—of the seals who splashed in Hudson's Bay, of the swee. water grasses that grew in the north, of their mates who waited for them in the silver Saskatchewan. They told him of cold Labrador and the thick wooded banks of Umbagog until Johnny wished that he too was a goose, that he might fly from lonely Itasca to high and remote Athabasca, and from Winnipeg to dark Saguenay's sources.

As soon as night fell Spirit-o'-the-Wind announced his intention of going for a "spin" as he called it, up and down the St. Lawrence. Tucking his brushes under his arm Jack Frost skipped off to finish up the ice bridges and put a few touches to the ice palace. So Johnny Pettigrew was left to view the city alone. He thought the market places the most attractive sight, but was quite astonished to hear the people talking a language he did not understand, and the strangest part of it was that the little children spoke it just as quickly and fluently as the grown people.

"What makes them talk that gibberish?" enquired Johnny of a newsboy, for all that was not English was gibberish.

"That's French Hoky-Poky," said the newsboy. Imprudently. "Say boss, look at this here dog!" The dog which Johnny looked down at himself. He was rather an odd looking little figure. When or how he had changed his clothes he could not remember, but there he stood clad in moccasins embroidered in silver; wide pants of white cloth covered his legs which could scarcely be seen for his ulster of snowy white fur. His cap and gloves were also of fur. Quite a crowd of curious people had gathered about him.

"What a funny little man," they whispered.

"Who is he?"

"An ambassador from the North Pole," said somebody, upon hearing which, the crowd, which grew larger every moment, pressed closer to see the childish looking ambassador. The poor little fellow was on the point of crying when he heard the fluttering of wings and looking up saw the iceboat descending. The crowd quickly got out of the way and Johnny lost no time in scrambling in. But they were not to escape so easily. The crowd were too anxious to examine this strange equipage and while some stroked the shining backs of the geese, others peered curiously at the beautiful pearl and silver iceboat. The mayor and aldermen, too, having been told by some fleet-footed reporter that an ambassador from the long-looked for North Pole accompanied by Lords Frost and Wind, members of his suite, were sight seeing in the city, had hastily scrambled into their fur overcoats and now appeared on the scene headed by several hands and a torchlight procession. The whole crowd formed into line, and amid a motley crew of snowshoe clubs, toboggan clubs, Highland regiments and bands Johnny was escorted up to the finest hotel in the city, where it was supposed he was staying. Here the crowd called on him to make a speech. He was a shy little fellow at any time, and when he stood up to explain that he was only a poor little boy from Laundry street, Toronto, such a terrible lump came into his throat that after one or two inffectual attempts to speak he burst into a dismal howl:

"I w-w-ant to go home to m-my m-mother!" Whereupon the geese rose with a shriek, and before the crowd could recover from their surprise the whole party were soaring over the mountain toward New York. By-and-by they became aware that they were not alone, as they rode along on the moonbeams. A dark object was traveling swiftly behind. As it passed them, with a rush, they saw it was a scarlet sleigh drawn by eight tiny reindeer and driven by a fat little old man, who Johnny knew in a moment was no other than Santa Claus. Among the many packages with which the sleigh was laden, he distinctly saw one labeled: "Johnny Pettigrew." This made him very impatient to get home to Toronto; besides he was thoroughly tired of frosted cake, and longed for some good plain bread and butter. So he was glad to hear Spirit-o'-the-Wind shouting to the geese, "Faster!—Faster!—Forty miles an hour—Sixty miles an hour. Faster!—Faster!"

Presently day broke and away down over Ashbridge's Bay he saw three sportsmen with guns, and as their voices rose on the air, Johnny heard them say:

"Wild geese, I am sure."

"I thought wild geese always flew in the form of a letter Y."

"Well, here goes, I am going to have a pop at them anyway."

Johnny's hair stood on end; there was a loud bang; he felt himself falling—falling, and wakened to find that he had tumbled out of his chair and was lying side by side with the poker which had made all the noise, on the kitchen floor. His mother was just entering the door looking pleased and excited.

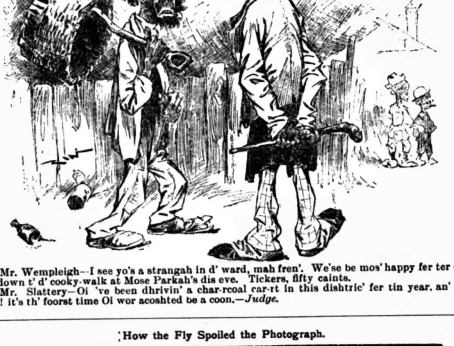
"Was I long away, mother?" enquired Johnny, picking himself up.

"What?" said she in astonishment, "oh, what kept me so long away! I am just five minutes later than usual, and I had this parcel to carry."

Looking at the clock Johnny saw that he had been asleep for exactly fifteen minutes; looking at the parcel he saw it was precisely like the one he had seen crowded in among the others on the little red sled of the geese, which Santa Claus drove. And when it was opened what do you think it held? Well first there was a goose all for themselves, and a pair of new boots for Johnny, and some warm clothing for Mrs. Pettigrew, which though it had been worn before could be made over very nicely to suit her and would keep her comfortable for the rest of the winter. Inside of these things there was a box of soldiers, for the good people who gave them had not forgotten that washerwomen's little boys love toys just like other children. There were cakes and candies, too, and need I add there was joy and thankfulness in one poor home that night even though Johnny found that his trip to Montreal had been all a dream.

GEORGINA A. FRASER NEWHALL.

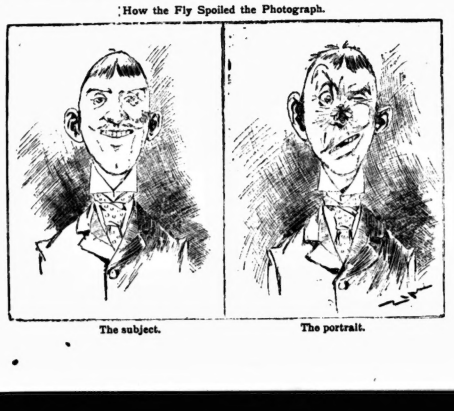
A Thompson Street Mistake.



Mr. Wempleigh—I see yo's a strangah in d' ward, mah fren'. We'se be mos' happy fer ter see yo' down t' d' cooky-walk at Mose Parkah's dis eve. Tickers, fifty caints.

Mr. Slattery—Oi 've been dhrivin' a char-recal car-t in this dishtric' fer tin year, an' be gor! it's th' foorst time Oi wor acoshted be a coon.—*Judge.*

How the Fly Spoiled the Photograph.



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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Forgive Us for Once.

The pressure of advertising on our columns this week is so great that the reading matter is curtailed, and we owe our readers an apology. Christmas comes but once a year, and we will promise not to again exceed our advertising limit after the holidays are over. If we give you fifty numbers containing really more reading matter than we can afford for the money we get for our paper, we can rely on you to forgive us if we trespass once or twice.

Saturday Night's Christmas.

The special Christmas issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, of which two editions have been published, has been such a very great success that the publishers desire to thank the public for their appreciation and liberal patronage of our first experiment in issuing a holiday number. Objecting to the so-called "fakir" advertising schemes which have been so much discussed lately, we had almost determined to avoid even the appearance of it in a special number, but found that we were expected to issue an illustrated holiday paper, and began the preparation of it on the first of November. This gave us insufficient time for the excellence at which we aimed, but by doing our best and confining the advertising to the cover and two columns of the page next to it, we have apparently been able to give entire satisfaction and to at least save ourselves from loss. Next month we begin the preparation of two holiday numbers, one for Midsummer and one for Christmas. Though both the *Globe* and Montreal *Star* have issued exceedingly creditable specials this season, we do not feel that SATURDAY'S NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, considering the price, has been at all out-done. No effort will be spared to make our specials for '89 surpass anything heretofore printed in Canada.

The Insincere Man.

You may and often do admire him, but you cannot trust the man whose nature is lacking in the element of truth and sincerity of purpose. The superstructure is fair and brilliant to the beholder, but its foundation lies in the treacherous quicksands of falsehood, selfishness and unrealism, and shortly the whole fabric must of necessity totter and crumble to its base in the estimation of all. Men soon size him up and as an early stage of his career relegate him to that position which is most properly his. As a rule, he is often a favorite with women, but never with men, for the thin veneer which enables him to pass for current coin of the realm amongst women, is speedily rubbed off and the base metal beneath exposed by contact with the members of his own sex.

It is a well received axiom in literature that truth always makes great writing, and the same applies in a marked degree amongst men. We may affect to despise a truthful, straightforward man, but at heart these qualities are secretly envied by such detractors, and though we are at loggerheads with him in business, in politics and in religion we all of us infinitely prefer him to the insincere individual who calls himself our friend.

Christmas-tide.

The feast of Noel sets in with to-day, and everywhere, on the streets, in quiet thoroughfares, in the workshop, the counting-house, the store and by happy firesides the gladsome feeling of Christmas-tide has taken fullest possession of the hearts of men. From early dawn till late into the small hours of the blessed Morn itself the pleasant tokens of this happy season are, and will be, visible everywhere.

For weeks past the children have been secretly plotting, and alas! in too many cases, of their innocent candor divulging the nature of their presents to those whose loving hearts and tender care are all in all to them. But father and mother and dear old grandmother and peaceful, patient auntie have not been idle, and days ago many a wonderful dolly with the most marvellous complexion, the loveliest, fluffiest hair and the pinkest eyes in the world have been brought home in a manner whose diplomatic secrecy any honest man would despise.

Thank God! there are few in this contented land who will be forgotten during the next few days. Even the poor wanderer shivering on the streets has a share in the humanizing influence of this blest season. In the temporary abiding-place of those whom the law's strong arm has placed in merciful seclusion from their fellows is the wonderful spirit of this period known and appreciated. The pillow of suffering in our hospitals and within those walls which humanity has erected for the relief and succor of its afflicted fellows, is lightened of half its woe by the mysterious joyousness of the year's favorite holiday. Why, even the very wind that comes whistling down from the pine fields and ice-lands of the rude, frozen north takes on a frosty kindness that is in admirable keeping with these festivities in honor of the natal day of Nazareth. Hackney'd it may be; yet there is always something ineffably fresh, inspiriting and humanizing in the watchword of Christmas-tide—"Peace on earth good will toward men."

The orchestra which Mr. Torrington's energy and indomitable effort has made possible made its first formal appearance this season on Thursday, December 13. The house was not as large as the friends of the band might have wished, and many were the speculations why an entertainment whose forerunners had promised excellence, sufficient in quality and quantity to make it popular and worthy of popular support, should have been so poorly attended. In the plethora of musical entertainments from which we have suffered lately, it is just possible that a large mass of those who like to hear a little music for amusement's sake, may have found their desires sufficiently gratified by the frequent concerts and recitals provided free of charge by the Conservatory and College. Almost weekly these affairs are performed with practically open doors, and this must have an effect on the pecuniary success of the larger or more expensive entertainments.

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The rarity of orchestral performances in Toronto, and the general excellence of the work done by this orchestra should have filled the house. As it was, the comparatively small audience did not in any way affect the enthusiasm of the performers. The band played with dash and fire, and with the precision that conscientious practice engenders. The intonation was generally good, and probably could only be improved by greater individual technical practice by the performers. The shading and changes of time were excellently done by the band, and as the season progresses, the continuous practice will produce still greater freedom of tonal effect. A majestic performance of the great Coronation March was given, and the difficulties of the movement from the Jupiter symphony were well overcome. The sprightly and dashing Glacier Garden Waltz and Winter Frolics Galop were played with all the abandon Mr. Torrington so well knows how to impart to the lighter music.

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In the Hungarian Dances Mr. Torrington hardly allowed himself to make sufficient contrasts between the fast and slow *tempi*. The accompaniments to the instrumental solos played by Mr. Clarke, Mr. Arlidge, Master Hahn and Mr. Smith were excellently played, and those to M'lle Strauss' solos were well modulated, though occasionally a trifle heavy. The general playing of the orchestra was of a degree of excellence that would hardly have been deemed possible in Toronto a short time ago, and if hard, conscientious and, perhaps, often unpalatable work is adhered to, the improvement in the orchestra will be still greater. A liberal word of praise is due to the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, for their careful and pleasing rendition of their solos.

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Mlle. Strauss sang the Cosi fan tutti aria, and the Cavatina from Bellini's Romeo e Giulietta. Her voice showed to great advantage in the large hall, filling it completely. It has a fine, large and joyous quality, and is excellently trained. She sings with all the traditions and nicities of the well-educated professional vocalist, and she evidently has a strong dramatic instinct. The success of this young lady is assured in Toronto. Mr. Blight was in good voice and gave good renderings of Anchored and The Skipper of St. Ives.

A lecture of great interest to organists and organ pupils was given on Saturday afternoon by Mr. Frederic Archer at the Toronto College of Music on the occasion of the opening of the three-manual organ in that institution. He covered a large ground in the short time at his disposal, and went exhaustively into the history of organ building, the characteristics of the organs and organ schools of various centers, closing with examples of the different styles. I was a little surprised to find that he did not mention W. H. Best among modern English organists, as this gentleman is probably the greatest executant in England to-day. He also assessed the German organists liberally in arranging his programme for the evening recital, in spite of his rather evident contempt for Germanicism. He played a selection rather instructive than popular, and he showed himself just as capable for the higher works for the king of instruments, as for the numbers more calculated to please with their melodiousness and occasional startling effects.

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The Vocal Society had a gala house on Tuesday, and gave a gala concert, in fact the best in its record, an extended notice of which I shall give next week.

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Mr. Arthur Dorey has been appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Peter's Church. This gentleman has been organist of Alexandra Palace and St. Peter's, Regent street, London, England, and now on the staff of the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Dorey will give some organ recitals during the winter.

METRONOME.

To All People.

O, man! whose heart and hand are full
With earth's best gifts in love and store,
And for whose happy, smiling lips
The cup of blessing runneth o'er,
Awake! and greet the glorious morn
When Christ the bountiful was born!

O, man of sorrow! worn and sad,
With weary lids a weight with tears,
Thy drooping mouth and faltering voice
Must swell the chorus of the years—
Awake! and greet the glorious morn
When Christ the pitiful was born!

O, man of want! whose slender store
Mocks at thy need and misery—
Such starving and such woeful plight
One suffered, all unasked, for thee.
Awake! and greet the glorious morn
When Christ to poverty was born!

O, man of sin! whose hand is red
With blood, thy ransom is begun!
Creep from thy lair of vice and greed
And turn thy dull eyes to the sun—
Awake! and whisper in the morn
That Christ the merciful is born!

O, happy soul! that scarce may speak
The rapture of this blessed time,
Rise o'er the ties and bonds of earth
To where the Heavenly joy-bells chime!
Awake! and greet the glorious morn
When Christ the Lord and King was born!

GRACE E. D.

It was said in England that when Rosina Vokes' clever company—a cleverer company, too, they say, than the admirable little group that was here a few weeks ago—first played A Pantomime Rehearsal, a general skeleton of action was given them, which they filled in as they pleased, and the result was this crystallization of pleasant absurdities which we have all laughed over so heartily time and time again. A Pearl of Pekin goes very much as if it had been manufactured something like that. Now and then it crosses the mind of the spectator that there many be something consecutive in it, but this never when Harrison appears. And in the main the spectator finds himself fully occupied in feasting his eye with the brilliant panorama on the stage. Nobody cares for the plot. Indeed, were it not for the summary of it printed in the programme it would be quite impossible to discover what it is all about. Its author is Charles A. Byrne, a New York newspaper man, who gained considerable more or less enviable notoriety years ago while editing the *Dramatic News*. Mr. Byrne has certainly not put his best work in this, possibly because it was not demanded of him. The doggerel is halting and weak, the simple dialogue unmarked by merit. The music is trifling and meretricious. There is not a catchy number in it. It has none of the merry sparkle of the music of Offenbach and his army of followers. We Are Four Little Tching-Tching Girls, I Love My Old Love Still, If I Were a Bird and Louis Harrison's two songs are the tuneful fragments of the piece. The finale of the second act is full of melody, and betrays more breadth of treatment and true harmony than any of the other numbers of the score. Judged as a comic opera and that is what it is claimed to be—the Pearl of Pekin is a wretchedly poor production; judged as a spectacular burlesque, it is brilliant and undeniably pretty, and must have filled with delight both the cradle and the grave.

•

It is a most gorgeous stage spectacle, this Pearl of Pekin. It is a thing of life and color, of light and brightness, of rhythm and action. Chorus and principals are never still. It is a tireless flow of twinkling, moving feet to the pulsing of soft music. The scenery is bright and novel, and the "props" generally of unusual beauty. Against the striking background the opulence of Chinese costuming shows effectively. The chorus girls are young and pretty, and are very much on a par with the young women of Adonis. In this respect at least the company is a reflex of New York taste. New York is always very easily satisfied in the matter of girls. In any other of the great metropolises of the world the stage favorite of the day must have some *soupcon* of the manners of the *grand dame*. She must assume this virtue if she have it not. Her dramatic talent may be *nil*, her voice quite as bad, her beauty something to dispute, but she must have in manner some suggestion of the upper world or she is bad form. But the New Yorkers are always at the feet of some woman who has physical perfection, but is loud and coarse in her style. It is not probable, as is claimed, that the Adonis and Pearl of Pekin girls are the pick of New York, but they have the New York mark. The eye dwells with pleasure on any one of them until she begins to speak, but the instant articulation claims attention the charm is broken.

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The wit of the piece consists mainly of puns. Puns went out with poor Theodore Hook. If a man were to make a pun in general society to-day, people would suppose he was not well. Nobody would understand him. When people came to realize what he was after, they would pity him and wonder if he was subject to such attacks. It would never occur to any one to laugh. In the Pearl of Pekin the two male personages of prominence vie with each other in making puns, enunciating their verbal acrobatic feats with painful distinctness for fear the audience may lose them. This involves a strain on the audience which is very trying. When Tyfoo pictures his daughter at home polishing up his scimitar, Sosoriki remarks that it's scimitical what she's doing; and after an effort one realizes that a pun has been made. But it requires the effort. In this respect the Pearl of Pekin has a fine moldy flavor which is commendable in cheese, but is out of place in a play. In itself it is flat and dreary. It is lacking in the crisp freshness, the bubbling effervescence, the panting spontaneity, the frisky vitality which should mark it. The very marked suggestiveness of some of the speeches might be advantageously omitted. They are quite irrelevant and apt to offend good taste.

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But when all is said and done this is still a most enjoyable performance. If it doesn't appeal to the intellect it appeals to the eye. It is a brilliant example of what can be done on the stage with color, form and rhythmic motion. The story is lost in the spectacle, it is true, but what matters that so long as the eye is feasted, glutted even, with gorgeous stage-setting, bright lights, magnificent costumes and swirling girls? There is a specific charm in the trained motions of women. Nothing will seize upon the sense of the picturesque so quickly and so firmly as a daintily dressed girl in rhythmic action. It appeals to the eye and not a little, perhaps, to the other senses. The costuming is pretty, and the arrangement of color really artistic and harmonious. The marches and tableaux, with calcium lights playing over them, enhancing by their piercing radiance the rich hues of the costumes and effects, were brilliant in the extreme.

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With one or two exceptions, the company is all unknown here. The exceptions are Mr. Louis Harrison and Mr. J. Koko Herbert. Both these gentlemen, in their own way, are simply and entirely funny. Mr. Harrison is blessed with a fund of humor that is altogether irresistible. The audience goes down before it like grain before the sickle. It is a rich, oily, unctuous humor. It seems to ooze from ever pore in his body. It beams from his fat, good-natured face, and twinkles from his merry eyes. Mr. Herbert's fun is grotesquely absurd. He is so extravagantly ludicrous in all he says and, more particularly, in all he does, that one cannot but laughing at him. He has not improved at all on his conception of Koko, but his work is none the less enjoyable because of its familiarity. Mr. John C. Leach as a Chinese attendant, gives us one of the best of stage Chinamen. His make-up is admirable, and his dialect inimitable. Miss Irene Verona as Finette, looks pretty, and manages a small voice with some adroitness. She has a dash of the piquancy, the *diablerie*, which are so attractive in a performance of this nature. Miss Belle Thorne (the Pearl of Pekin) has, on the contrary, an utter absence of all such sparkle and vivacity, but makes up for the lack of it by a very pretty soprano voice, which she manages most effectively. Mr. Philip Branson, a young French quarter-master, uses a sweet, pure tenor voice very skilfully, though he cannot act at all. The little waiting maids are good and their song is very pretty. The chorus girls dressed as Chinese boys are excellent and one of them made a decided hit on Monday night by stepping on the edge of her flapping trowsers and falling to the floor sending her slipper flying across the stage. The rest of the girls fell over her and the audience laughed long and loudly at the confused jumble of femininity in bifurcated garments writhing about the floor.

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The Wages of Sin is a well-known and popular melodrama in Toronto. It is full of thrill and incident; the dialogue is crisp and the situations dramatic in the extreme. The company which has been playing it at the Toronto Opera House all week, is not up to the mark. The sad story which forms the motive for the play is in itself of intense interest and has nightly awakened the sympathies of hundreds of people for the misfortunes and sufferings of Ruth Hope. For Christmas week The Kindergarten will be the attraction.

NOTES.

Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, The Yeoman of the Guard, will hold the boards at the Grand all next week. It is John Stetson's company that is playing it.

The costumes worn in the Pearl of Pekin are of quite unusual magnificence. The gown worn by Louis Harrison in the second act is said to contain something like one millions of stitches. It was made in China and imported expressly for this production. Many of the other costumes were also imported from China, and the others were constructed by Chinese artists in New York. Of all the attractions that have been at the Grand, none have been so expensively mounted or so elaborately costumed as the Pearl of Pekin.

CECIL STREET.

Alleged Humor.

The deceased toper is a bottle-green memory.

"I wish," said Rev. Mr. G.'s four-year-old, "that when I'm naughty you wouldn't always talk to me in your Heavenly Father voice."

This is the time that the fattest boy has to walk out on the new-made ice to satisfy his companions whether it will "bear" or not.

Mother—And the serpent, as a punishment for tempting Eve, was made to crawl all the rest of his life. Bobbie—Well, mamma, how did he get along before?

"One of you boys has been stealing raisins again; I have found the seeds on the floor. Which was it?" Tommy—It wasn't me. I swallowed the seeds in mine.

Young teacher (closing a talk to the school) —Now, scholars, in what way could I rise highest in your estimation? Toot's boy (on a back seat)—By sitting down on a bent pin, sir.

"Dear me, Janet, you've spilled water all over my playhouse," complained her sister. "Oh, but never mind," said Janet. "We'll play it rains so fewly in their country the dolls will be glad."

Augustus Treadwell, amusing himself with Willie Bly, while waiting for his sister—Does your mother ever take you in hand, Willie? Willie Bly—Yes, one hand. There ain't any flies on the other hand though you bet!

"How's beef to-day, Sparrib?" inquired Mr. Upson Downes, airily. "High, eh?" "If you want it on credit, Mr. Downes," replied the butcher, sternly, "it's on a hook about eleven feet up the wall. But it'll come down for cash, if I whistle."

"Hold on, sis," exclaimed one of the little Rambo boys, as he paused at the door; don't go into the house. The minister is making a call." "How do you know?" inquired his little sister. "Can't you hear ma talking? She's got her Sunday voice on."

"Grandma, what is a curry?" "A highly spiced dish which is much used in East India." "It must be dreadful hot, isn't it, grandma?" "Yes, Willie; it's rather hot." "I thought it was, 'cause pa told Uncle Ben this morning that you were peppery enough to season a curry."

"You say that baby is musical" said a Pittsburg musician to his wife, as he resumed his violin playing while the baby's cries came crescendo from the nursery upstairs. "Why, she cries every time I take up the violin." "That's why I think the baby's musical," said the mother, triumphantly.

A mother was correcting her little boy the other day, and, appealing to him, asked how he would feel if he had a hon who didn't do that, and so on. When she had reached the end of the inquiry he answered:—"Well, mamma, if I had a little hon eight years, I don't think I'd expect the earth of him."

A young five-year-old hopeful was playing on the lawn with his sister, when he slipped and fell. Springing up, he began to belabor his companion with ungentlemanly fierceness, crying out: "If I did stand on your shadow, was that any reason why you should drag it away from under me, so as to throw me off my feet?"

Willie Popinjay—Sis, what is meant by "unconscious humor"? Angelina Popinjay—I can't give you an exact definition of it, Willie, but I can give you an example. Willie—Well, give us an example. Angelina—When pa came into the room where ma was trying to nail up that bracket, yesterday, and said, "Well, what are you driving at now?"

Mr. Flyington Outwit—Yes, I'll take the regular dinner, Antoine, and a bottle of Superieure. By the way, what is Madame crying about? Monsieur been ill-treating her? Antoine—Ah, non, Monsieur. Madame she veep for her pet poodle—se leetle Zi zi. He die to-day—Madame she feel vair bad. Mr. Flyington Outwit—Ah, yes, Antoine, I'm sorry to hear it. Bring the dinner along, and—ah—Antoine, you may omit the salmi.

Holy John.

For Saturday Night.

One night, meandering homeward, in a meditative mood,
Along the solemn vistas of a quiet country road,
A cadence in the background I most distinctly heard,
The patter of a footstep, which my pulses strangely stirred.

Was it a man, that ghostly tread, a beast it could not be,
I stood, and heard a plaintive voice, "Please wait awhile for me."
With beating heart I waited, and prepared to it accoost,
But ere I could a question ask, it murmured "Lost, lost, lost!"

"Who are you, anyway," said I, "and whither would you go?"
"Alas! you know me well," said he, "at least you used to know,
I am John Brown, most wretched now hither and thither tossed,
And suffering, at this moment, all the torments of the lost."

"What! Holy John? Great Cæsar! why you died a week ago,
And they've shut you out of heaven?" Said he, "'Tis even so,
And worse than that, they have let in old Fox, the reprobate
Who used to drink, and smoke, and swear. He's there as sure as fate.

"And I must wander thro' the earth, and undo, if I can,
The evil now I see I've done, as a so called holy man.
A holy man! It makes me sick, a bigot, pharisee,
A long-eared quadruped would be the proper name for me.

"I gave up this, and gave up that, tried harder every day
To make sure work for heaven, as we sometimes used to say,
My wife was gay, but kind and sweet, and gentle as a dove,
I crucified her worldly mind, but killed her wifely love.

"I saw her droop, but I was firm. Never should wife of mine,
Devotion pay to mandates of unhallowed Fashion's shrine.
My girls would dance, my boys play cards—I drove them from my door.
O yes, I was a holy man, you may be very sure.

"At least I thought I was, but blind—blind as a bat was I.
I trusted in good works for heaven, and now I'm doomed to die.
Love is the only life that lives, or will admitted be,
Within the gates of pearly sheen, to bloom eternally.

"And I was cold and stiff and stern; no dog would fawn on me;
No little child would ever try to clamber on my knee.
Had I my life to live again, how earnestly I'd try,
To live a life of love divine, and Christ-like sympathy.

"My creed repelled—fool that I was—and drove away from God
The footsteps of my children, who were feeling for the road;
And neighbors' children, often, too, would shake their heads and say:
'If that's religion, not for me—no, thank you, not to-day.'

"And now," said he, "pray help me, you kind newspaper man,
Write, *Love fulfils the law*, no doing ever can;
And he who loves most, is most loved, and most resembles God,
And draws the largest following into the heavenly road."

"Hello! Who's there?" The butcher man a-ringing at the door.
How late I've slept, and must have dreamed all that has gone before.
But yet, it's true, for all who fall in Christ to anchor fast,
Will find their works a broken reed on which to lean at last.

SEVERN BRIDGE, Dec. 4, 1883. REV. J. SHILEY.

A Prairie Sunset.

For Saturday Night.

The day is going out beyond the foothills;
The sun far southward hangs blood-red in the haze;
Smoke wreaths from prairie fires lifting upward,
Take on the glory of its crimson blaze.

Beyond the bluffs and out beyond the river,
Whose steep, bare bank no precious verdure knows,
The sunset's splendors soften, and its color
Is as the magic tinting of the rose.

The Brandon Hills, far in the purple distance,
Lie dreaming in a mist of many dyes;
From windows of each humble prairie cabin
Blaze out reflections of the burning skies.

Above the smoke-browned tepees in the coulee,
A heaven-colored vapor seems to rest;
The winding trail shows grayer in the distance,
As light and shade blend closer in the West.

And now it fades from cloudland and from prairie,
Its crimson radiance veiled in evening's grey,
The cries of wild geese flying southward
Float down "Good-night" to year and day.

BRANDON, MAN. S. HUNTER.

Morgan.

Oh, what a set of Vagabundos,
Sons of Neptune, sons of Mars,
Raked from *todos otros mundos*,
Lassoo, Gascons, Portsmouth tars,
Prison mate and dock-yard fellow,
Blades to Meg and Molly dear,
Off to capture Porto Bello,
Sailed with Morgan the Buccaneer!

Out they voyaged from Port Royal
(Pathless deep the main to be,
Pier and convent, fortress loyal,
Sunk beneath the gaping sea);
On the Spaniard's beach they landed,
Dead to pity, void of fear,—
Round their blood-red flag embanded,
Led by Morgan the Buccaneer.

Dawn till dusk they stormed the castle,
Beat the gates and gratings down;
Then, with ruthless rout and wassail,
Night and day they sacked the town.
Stayed the blue in celestial vaults,
Port and Lisbon, tier on tier,
Quaffed to heart's content and toasted
Harry Morgan the Buccaneer;

Stripped the church and monastery,
Racked the prior for his gold,
Wilt ye tender wives made merry,
Lipped the young and mocked the old,
Dosed for baptism sacrilege
(Sire and brother bound and naked),
Donnas, Inas, Manuelitas,
Cursing Morgan the Buccaneer.

Lust and rapine, flame and slaughter,
Forayed with the Welshman's arm;
"Take my peccos, spare my daughter!"
"Ha! ha!" roared that devil's limb,
"These shall jingle in our pouches,
She with us shall find good cheer.
Lash the graybeard till he crouches!"
Shouted Morgan the Buccaneer.

Out again through reef and breaker,
While the Spaniard moaned his fate,
Back they voyaged to Jamaica,
Flush with doubloons, coins of eight,
Crosses wrung from Popish varlets,
Jewels torn from arm and ear,—
Jess! how the Jews and harlots
Welcomed Morgan the Buccaneer!

EMORY CLARENCE SPEDMAN.

THE NEWSBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

God rest you kindly, patrons all, by hearth and ingleside,
This same day of Nazareth, this blessed Christmas-tide,
May yours be all the blessings of earth's gladsome season, when,
Good Christians pray for peace on earth and loyalty to men;
And, as ye gather, you and yours, around the festive board,
When hearth and home, and happy hearts their gladsome cheer afford,
Deign one kind thought, one little mite, to show that ye regard
The simple, honest greeting of the little Newsboy's Card.

H. K. C.

* * *

Don't forget him, good reader, nor treat him with contumely because he's only a little newsboy; for in a large number of cases he's not the only son of his mother who is a widow, but one of a number of little ones who is striving to the best of his ability to aid his hard working mother in her uphill fight with the wolf that is ever at the door of poverty and misfortune.

* * *

Oftentimes he comes of a most respectable family that has tasted of indigence; occasionally he is the connecting link between respectability and the criminal classes, but in all cases he is the cheerful, willing Mercury whose early rising and sturdy legs have made your breakfast table, your office desk and your curtain-drawn evening cosiness *au courant* with the news of the world. Don't forget the little newsboy.

* * *

A distinguished professional man, not a hundred miles from Toronto, is five dollars out of pocket, and this is how it happened. Not many moons ago the d. p. m. was in Ottawa, and received one of those pleasant invitations to tea and shrimps at Rideau Hall which are so much appreciated at the Capital. Of course he accepted, and equally of course he wasn't averse to his fellow-citizens in Toronto knowing that he had tucked his knees beneath the mahogany of viceroyalty. In fact the distinguished professional man was willing to lend a helping hand in spreading the glad tidings amongst a startled community.

* * *

On his return from the enjoyment of vice-regal hospitality with the two lower buttons of his waistcoat unfastened for the better enjoyment of his person, the honored guest of Rideau immediately sought the smoking room of the caravansary where he was staying over night, and lost but little time in confessing his whereabouts during the past few hours to those who had assembled there for the midnight weed. "And furthermore," added he, "I'll bet anyone here five dollars the fact will be chronicled in the Toronto papers tomorrow."

* * *

The bet was taken and the money planked down. The hero of this dainty little episode in social life is evidently no believer in the axiom that a sure bet is not a fair bet, a pleasing proof of which will be recognized in the fact that a few moments later he slipped away from his friends and struck for the nearest telegraph office and wrote out a despatch containing an account of his having dined with their Excellencies.

* * *

But the d. p. m. in question, in addition to being possessed of a fine turn of humor, is also one of a frugal mind. The message was given as a press despatch in order to check that inordinate greediness of telegraph companies which I and all my readers so heartily despise. But overweening modesty stepped in at this moment and spoiled the whole thing, for, neglecting to attach his name, the message was taken in and "killed" after his departure. And thus did the naïve modesty of one man deprive the newspapers and citizens of Toronto from the enjoyment of a thrilling episode at Rideau Hall, and mulcted a distinguished professional man in the sum of five dollars of lawful money of the realm. Sic *non* transit gloria mundi.

* * *

And, speaking of dinners, reminds me of a capital story I heard the other night, and one which suggests the idea that when next Lord Salisbury ennobles a faithful supporter he should endeavor to select an intelligible title for the new peer. Lord Magheramorne, who is much better known as Sir James McGarel Hogg, had recently a most painful experience of the result of neglecting this very necessary precaution. Shortly after his creation the new lord went to dine at the house of an old friend, where he was very well known under his old name. He announced himself to Jeames as "Lord Magheramorne." "Lord — — what?" said the startled Calves. "Lord Magheramorne," said he, with emphasis. Blazes shook his head. He did not dare to make a second enquiry, and despaired of attempting to render the uncouth collection of gutturals. What was he to do? The visitor was advancing to the drawing-room. Jeames hesitated a moment, then boldly flung open the door and proclaimed, to the consternation of every one, "The *late* Sir James Hogg!"

* * *

Every English schoolboy's bible is always subjected to a hearty shaking on the *first* day of return to school in consequence of a moth-eaten legend of a long departed schoolboy who once neglected this wise precaution and thereby lost the five pound note his guardian had stuck in amongst the Proverbs of Solomon, and which kindly piece of paper was confiscated on the occasion of the guardian's first visit to the gentle youth who neglected bible reading at early morn and dewy eve.

* * *

But the parents and guardians don't always have it their own way as a recent ingenious paterfamilias in selecting a calling for his son could testify. This is how he came to grief. In an empty room he placed a Bible, an apple, and a half-crown, and left his son in their company. "Now," said he, "I shall see what he is likely to become. If he reads the Bible he shall be a parson, if he chips in with the apple, I'll make him a farmer, and if he pockets the money he shall go on the Stock Exchange." Gently, oh very gently, the old man crept to the keyhole and saw universal genius sitting on the Bible, eating the apple, whilst the half crown had already found its way to his pocket. This triple event had not been contemplated, but the old gentleman consoles himself with the knowledge that there is one first rate politician in the family.

ST. GEORGE.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

F. G. W. (City).—Most willingly would we publish your communication, but a week after date would be a little too stale. Society news goes to press on Thursday.

Spartan (City).—"A few weeks ago I was introduced to a young lady, and also, to her parents. Have, since then, attended a party at their house, and have called twice. Can I at this stage, with propriety, ask the young lady to accompany me to the matinee without asking her mother also?" If Spartan means can he ask the young lady without also asking her mother's consent, we say no! most decidedly; but if, as we think, he means would it be improper to ask to have the young lady's companionship at the matinee, there could surely be no objection.

J. A. D. (Orono).—Mr. Charles Durand of Toronto is a barrister by profession. We are not quite sure whether he was not a political prisoner at the time of the Mackenzie rising, fifty years ago. In fact we are almost certain that he was confined in the same prison as Matthews and Lount, and from his cell window on the morning of their execution, witnessed the last walk of these two unfortunate men.

Charles A. C. (London).—Gentlemen do not raise their hats to one another save under exceptional circumstances. If a person is of great age and deeply venerated, younger men take off their hats to him. Men take of their hats to Mr. Gladstone, for example. You had better greet the individual you speak of in the ordinary manner, only remembering that it is for him to take the initiative, as he is the superior in rank and age. Although the movement of shaking hands appears to be simultaneous, it is always the superior who offers his hand.

In Dispute (City).—Your friend is right and you are in the wrong. The Queen never holds levees now; they are held in her behalf by the Prince of Wales. It is Her Majesty's pleasure that a presentation to the Heir Apparent is to be considered as equivalent to a presentation to herself.

Shakespeare (Guelph).—"And Brutus is an honorable man" is said by Antony in Julius Cæsar.

Chips (City).—In the game of seven-up the dealer is entitled to the last shuffle.

F. E. H. (Hamilton).—There is an acid process used to grind glass finer than by the sand blast.

Litterateur (Galt).—The address of John Greenleaf Whittier is Amesbury, Mass. A letter to Ticknor & Co., Boston, would reach him. The probability, however, is that, like most men of marks, Whittier's correspondents are too numerous for him to send you more than a conventional reply, perhaps not even that.

Stage Struck (City).—Mary Anderson is not a New Englander by birth. She was born in Sacramento, Cal.

Pauline R. (City).—All Hallowe'en occurs on the eve of All Saint's Day. The latter is celebrated in the Anglican Church on November 1st. The feast of All Hallowe'en was established by Pope Bonaface IV. in A.D. 611, for the commemoration of all the martyrs, and extended into the festival of All Saints by Gregory IV. in A.D. 830.

M. J. A. (Hespeler).—The reason the days are hottest in summer is that on account of the inclination of the earth's axis the rays of the sun fall almost vertically on the earth's surface at that season of the year. At other seasons they fall more obliquely, consequently they give less heat.

J. J. G. (Paris).—"Will you permit me to make use of your new column, which to people like myself, who are a little behind the times, is invaluable! Please tell me, should John Smith, a single man, write on his visiting card, Mr. John Smith, or simply John Smith? By answering you will greatly oblige." Mr. John Smith.

Christmas Gifts for Gentlemen.

For Saturday Night.

Among the problems which the approach of Christmas brings round for our consideration is that which reads, "What can you buy or make for a man?" There are few even among the most fortunate of women who have not a man dependent upon them in some way or other either in the humble capacity of a husband, the seemingly necessary one of father or brother, or the enervating one of a lover; and these men have to be remembered at Christmas. There are other times and ways in which a man would prefer that a woman should remember him, but that is aside from the question. What we have to consider is the best means of stemming the annual tide of super-ornamental slippers and tobacco pouches, for which mankind has no use, and turn this misdirected energy into wiser channels. There are several things that the henpecked sire would like to receive on Christmas morning that never once enter into the hearts of the lace-edged sex to conceive. For instance what could be more useful and more gladly welcomed by the average man than a pair of Ear Protectors. These are easily made of several thicknesses of blanket, interspersed with numerous layers of cotton batting, wool, wadding and other non-conductors, and are intended to be worn during domestic storms. When there is a prolonged drizzle of complainings, or a quick thunder-shower of reproaches, or a cold blustering wind portending a hard frost, these protectors will enable a man to sit in calm tranquility, undisturbed by the wrath of the elements. They are also a good thing to wear when coming home at midnight at any season of the year.

Another appropriate Christmas gift for a gentleman is a dressing-table for himself alone. No husband likes to have his hair-restorer and corn-extractor mixed up with his wife's cream of roses and balm of innocence, nor in the watches of the night, when he is hunting for a match, does he like his groping fingers to encounter hair-pins, breast-pins, hat-pins, cuff-pins, ear-rings, finger-rings, shoe-buttoner, glove-buttoner, hair-crimper, locket, chain and other little trifles of the sort. Let a man have a bureau of his own, and he will never be guilty of knocking over tooth pastes, face powders, hair removers, manicure sets, maidens' blushes, oil of almonds, breath of violets, dew of infancy, cheek expanders, mouth reducers, lash extenders, and other inventions, besides a number of tall, ornamental, glass-stoppered bottles, containing nothing at all.

Another among the good gifts suitable for men would be a book of etiquette, designed solely for the use of the ill-bred half of humanity. It is a fact that we are not nearly so well behaved as our mothers and sisters and sweethearts would like us to be, and as they are themselves. We are given to gobbling at the table, and puffing and spluttering at the wash bowl. We are wanting in the little refinements and dignities of demeanor, which those who love us most are despairing of ever seeing us acquire. We neglect to kiss our wives just before going to the office in the morning, and just after returning at night, though we have heard, times without number, that this is the very elixir of life to them. We estrange our nearest neighbors by speaking of their children as kids, or screech owls, or young buzzards, when probably their children will turn out as well as our own.

A spelling book is another valuable volume that no gentleman's library should be without. The number of men who can spell even passably is alarmingly few. Business men are the most surprising sinners in this respect. Not many of them can spell the word *separate* on the first trial.

In choosing a Christmas gift for a male friend it is always well to consider his special tastes and predilections and, if possible, minister to them. For instance, if your best young man is a lover of the fine arts, as well as of yourself, a rare painting would be especially valued by him. Suppose he has expressed a wish to possess an oil painting of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the simplest way to gratify him would be as follows: Take a postage stamp (one cent will do if your resources are limited, but one that has not been used is preferable) and attach it to the center of a large sheet of pasteboard. Spread a margin of glue along the edge of the pasteboard, on which should be sprinkled a liberal quantity of carpet tacks, shirt buttons, tooth picks, pop corn, chewing gum and hen feathers, with anything else that fancy may suggest or opportunity present. Suspend it by means of a pink string procured from the druggist's, and be careful that the picture in the center is not upside down.

If none of these hints exactly supply the wants of feminine readers let them not despair. There are plenty of things that men would be glad to find in their Christmas stockings—a well-filled pocketbook for example, or, if this is impracticable, the deed of a house and lot, or the price of a really first-class winter overcoat. Pen-wipers and shaving paper are beginning to pall upon us. Give us the plain, solid, substantial things of life and we care not who gets its luxuries.

HERALD.

Christmas Crackers.

Sweet are the uses of—sugar.

Never pick your teeth with a stove lifter.

Insect powder is a good thing to try on a dog.

There are few subjects that lie nearer to our hearts than the human shirt.

To the Toronto *World:* In the bright lexicon of *Globe* there is no such word as *Mail*—Deacon Cameron.

Behind the mask the smiling face is often full of woe, and sorrow treads a resting place where wealth and beauty go.

No longer on the garden gate fond lovers swing; December snow storms regulate that sort of thing.

This is a good time of the year to lay in fire wood. If you happen to be impecunious, lay in your neighbor's.

The three Bills got three thousand bills each, and there is peace on earth and good will to all men and Roland Gideon Israel Barnett.

The old conundrum, who struck billy — has been solved to the satisfaction of the Central Bank liquidators. It was the Master.

Sweet are the uses of adversity. If it was not for an occasional set back we would be owning the earth and throwing the other people off.

W. H. Howland and Wm. Gooderham were not inconsistent when they undertook to wind up the Central Bank's affairs. For years past they have posed as liquid-haters.

And as Christmas day draws nigh the turkey waxes sad and mournful. He is dyspeptic and gloomy and he struts among the ladies of the seraglio with a weird, uncertain tread.

The depraved but long-headed small boy who joined a Sunday-school a month ago, to be on hand for the annual Christmas-tree, is just about now reaping the results of his early piety.

During the excitement of buying presents and turkeys and things for next Tuesday, don't forget that this is leap year, and that the old girls haven't got much more chance.

And it is in these days that the man who weareth a wig realizeth that the statement that wearing a fur cap maketh the hair come out, is a mockery and a hollow fraud.

Comparatively speaking there are not many in favor of permitting woman, lovely woman, the liberty of dropping a ballot paper in the slot, but they are few indeed who dispute her right to bare arms.

And in these days the undertaker inspects the bay in the morning and tries the ice with a ten foot pole, and, returning to his emporium, gets out a proportionate stock of coffins, plain and fancy, small juvenile sizes.

The noble iceman has mysteriously disappeared from sight and no one knows what has become of him. But the plumbers have returned from their summer solstices and are ready at a moment's notice to feel the pulse of a wash-boiler and charge $7.50 for it.

Now as the circling year has reached its bound,
And Christmas comes in proper order round,
Now that you rack your brains to make a shift
To give some friendly fair a novel gift,
Here is a plan perplexity clean blocking:
Though it requires your only uleter locking,
Put SAT. NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS in her Christmas stocking.

The three Willies didn't get that $18,000 each for winding up the Central Bank affairs.—

But they got near it,
Very near it.
They tried to grab with all their might,
But lost the pot—it served them right—
Though they got near it,
Very near it,
They didn't get the dust, but they got near it.

'Twas but a brief while since that a spruce young man received a ticket for St. Andrew's ball. The music and the brilliant throng were dazzling, and, intoxicated with delight, he made five separate and distinct engagements to lead through the mazy dance the peerless Miss Belinda Corncob. Then she suggested supper. He has since been heard to remark that Miss Belinda lacks ethereality and hair, but that her teeth are sound.

SPIFF.

'Varsity Chat.

Professor Ashley is compelled to exercise considerable ingenuity in order to avoid giving expression to anything which might be construed into an opinion of his own.

Grits are much afraid lest the Professor of Political Science should warp the growing mind of the country in such a way as to cause it wickedly to become Tory, and Tories likewise, politicians, of course, I mean. Possibly if they had even a limited acquaintance with the science they would not be so timid. Is it another case of the fearful unknown? or do they tremble lest the mind aforesaid should discover that it is the doctrine of the other side which is scientific?

As far as the students are concerned we would prefer to hear the Professor say exactly what he thinks and take chances on political perdition. Doubtless when, in a little while, Prof. Ashley's worth becomes generally known he will be able to defy political opinion and express his views. It is curious that the very one who is most capable of expressing a trustworthy opinion in the one who is expected to keep strict silence. Verily we love darkness rather than light.

Hon. David Mills is the second of the faculty for the new course to make his appearance. He was greeted by a large and enthusiastic class on Monday at his opening lecture. His department is English constitutional law.

Among his auditors were the Hon. the Minister of Education, Prof. Ashley, Prof. Newman of McMaster Hall and Mr. William Houston, M. A.

The second public debate for the year was held last Friday evening in the hall. I understand it is to be the last for this college year. If the rest are to be made hideous by prolonged howls from the gallery as this was, we can do without them very well.

I have had occasion to defend singing and other disturbances in the gallery, but only in moderation. No one would think of charging the gallery immortals with anything like moderation last Friday night. To tell the awful truth in plain English the whole performance was disgraceful and if the ladies never consent again to become our guests we may thank ourselves.

NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

Rev. William Henderson, an English rector, preached in the chapel on Sunday morning. Mr. Henderson, who is a brother of Messrs. James and Elmes Henderson of Toronto, is on an extended tour through Canada, and is at present staying in the city.

Rev. Gabriel Johnson, B. D., has been writing on his D. D. examination during the past week in Convocation Hall.

A delightful volume of verse has just been written by Archibald Lampman, '82, of the Post Office Department, Ottawa, consisting of a collection of poems and sonnets. The author's love of nature is clearly seen in every line, and the beauties of nature are described with an excellence and warmth that reminds one of the verses of Keats. The work is an earnest of greater things in the future and is a charming acquisition to Canadian poetry. Davis & Son, Ottawa, are the publishers.

The Christmas number of the *Trinity University Review* is to be issued on Monday. I believe that the number has not been enlarged, but that all its contents are purely literary. Among the contributors will be found the names of Charles G. D. Roberts, G. Mercer Adam, Professor Boys and others.

Rev. H. Symonds, M.A., has been appointed to succeed Professor Roper in the Kebly chair of Divinity. Professor Symonds enters on his duties at the beginning of the next term, although I hear Professor Roper will still continue to lecture in some honor subjects. The new professor has been Fellow in Theology for the past two years. He graduated with high honors in '55, and his appointment is exceedingly popular.

Mr. E. C. Cayley, '25, who completed his honor theological course last October, standing first, is to be Mr. Symonds' successor in the Theological Fellowship. Mr. Cayley is at present lecturing to the fair maids of St. Hilda's, and taking a few post-graduate lectures at Trinity. The students are all well pleased with his appointment as he will fill his position with graceful ability. I am glad that Ned will still as of yore be one of the bulwarks of the football fifteen.

The duties of the new fellowship in classics which Convocation has endowed, will be discharged by Mr. J. S. Broughall, '87, who has been taking a divinity course since his graduation. He is an excellent man for the position and will further qualify himself by a post graduate course at Johns Hopkins University, where he will study until next October.

ERYX.

The Tragedy of the Swamp.

The swamps and bayous of the south are its ghosts—its unburied corpses—its death-traps. To be lost in one of the great swamps of Mississippi or Louisiana means more than death. It means such terror before death comes that you would pray to die and welcome the messenger with open arms. In the old days of bondage a slave who ran away to the swamps was entered on the books as dead. If the alligators, serpents, vultures and awful lonesomeness drove him back to slavery, well and good. If they did not his master knew why. He knew that death had claimed him and he could not come. In these swamps the saurian and the serpent find their paradise. There is nothing to disturb them—nothing to prevent them from living out their days. It is so dark and gloomy that the owl cries out at midday—so full of weirdness and terror that the vulture is alarmed by the sound of his own voice.

We walked out on a long tongue of solid ground penetrating the waters of the bayou for half a mile. Here the waters set back from the Pearl river until they formed what might be called a lake. In time of drought the spot would almost be tillable. In time of flood the lake would be twice as large. There are trees standing here and there—stumps showing above the surface—logs and trees afloat. Every tree is loaded down with the funeral moss, which swings to the lightest breeze. Every log is moss-grown and decayed. Every gallon of water has the germs of malaria and break-bone fever. It is the most melancholy reality the human eye ever saw. Chain a strong man here and he would go mad in a week.

Life! Yes. But such life! It is near midday, and the great alligators basking in the sun, while the rattlesnakes, cotton-mouths and moccasins move lazily about. A great bird of prey sits on the sole limb of a decayed tree overhanging the water, his head under his wing and unmindful of our presence. Humanity has no right here. It is one of the hell spots of the earth. Bring here one of the great sinners of earth and give him his choice between this spot and the torments of hell and he would soak to be led away.

"Look! Look! He must be crazy!" So called two or three voices in chorus, and I looked across the southern arm of the lagoon to see a raft just putting off from the shore. It was only a couple of logs lashed together, and it moved out sluggishly. Standing in the center was a man—a negro. He was half a mile away, but the glass which one of the hunters carried brought him within a few feet of us. He was a stalwart fellow, but he had an ugly look. He was a criminal and a fugitive. He had committed some serious crime to force him to take refuge here. If pursuit had been made it had not arrived. He did not look back and around him like one who feared to hear the bay of dogs and shouts of men. He had endured the swamp until he could endure no more. At the hazard of being caught he was bound to get out of it. If he could float himself across to the tongue of firm land the rest of the way was easy. He must have known of the dangers, but he was desperate and determined. He had no covering for his head, his shirt was in rags and his torn and patched pants were rolled up to the knee. He had a pole, by which means he propelled the raft in a sluggish fashion.

"Back out of sight—all of you!" whispered one of the group, and we lost no time in obeying.

They tell of the southern man hunting the negro down as he would a wolf, and they would have you believe that he has no pity nor mercy for him when he breaks the law. These were southern men, and they knew that rape or murder had driven that black man to encounter the perils of the great swamp. It was pity for him—it was mercy in their hearts which took the group out of his sight that he might not fear to land. It was to give him a chance for his life. I did not understand for a moment. Then a groan from one of the men caused me to raise my head. There was a ripple in the still, yellow waters of the bayou. It was to the left, and in three seconds there was a second to the right.

"He is drowned!" whispered one of the men as he handed me the glass.

As I looked there were more ripples—a dozen swirls and splashes—a commotion as of a score of swimmers, and directly I saw a monster alligator rear half his length out of the water.

You may have seen men fight for their life or on the field of battle, but did you ever see a strong man fight for his life against terrible odds and finally go down? It is so with a man when the deadly undertow clutches him. It is so when he is pulled down by wild beasts.

Terror blanched this man's black face to the color of ashes when he realized his peril. It made him tremble like one in a chill. He opened his mouth to shout, but no sound came. From every portion of that bayou there was a rush of saurians—twenty—fifty—a hundred—a thousand, it seemed to me by the splash and commotion. A brave man may weaken at peril, but reaction comes and he dies game.

In one minute that black man shook off the fear which chained him, shut his teeth hard, and the fire of desperation burned in his eyes as it does in those of a wild beast brought to bay. He beat at the black heads and snouts with his stout pole—he used it as a club and a spear, and for five minutes he kept them off. He was still a quarter of a mile from us. I saw him calculate the distance with his eye. Then he looked around at his foes. Just then a monster saurian reared itself half its length upon the raft, determined to be first at the feast. With one last powerful blow the pole was broken over the reptile's head, the piece flung aside, and with a short run and a panther-like leap the negro seemed to clear the circle closing on him. In a few seconds his head appeared and he struck bravely out, while we now showed ourselves and encouraged him by voice and gesture. He had made fifty feet, and he was cleaving the waters with a strong arm when he suddenly sprang breast high above the surface, uttered one awful cry of agony, and was drawn down to be seen no more. The waters were lashed and veiled until the muddy waves ran to our feet, but the turmoil gradually ceased, the reddish tinge was absorbed by the yellow, and ten minutes after he disappeared we saw nothing but the overturned raft drifting down to lodge in a tree-top.

A Literary Critic.

Tom was reading a book in which each chapter was headed by a quotation from some poet. Many of these quotations were marked Shakespeare and others Old Ballad. These scraps of poetry interested Tom greatly, and he remarked that "Shakespeare could have Old Ballad writing all to pieces," thereby showing that his discrimination was ahead of his information.

Gained Nothing by Going.

The major (who has been very intent for some thirty minutes past upon contriving some plan of escape)—I—aw—Wah, you excuse me a moment, Mrs. Wabash! My tie seems to be annoying me!

Mrs. Wabash—Certainly, major. May I trouble you for an ice when you return?

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA

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CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

Then her presence of mind came back. There was no use returning down the passage, for he—this Lord Loudon—slept somewhere there, and it was impossible to pass by the open door. But in the passage, close by where she stood, was a large oaken chest. Guelda knew it was empty, and tried softly to raise the lid.

The hinges gave a little creak—the voices stopped at once. Guelda gave herself up as discovered, when, after a minute's silence, they went on again. The girl stepped cautiously into the chest and, sinking down, contrived to let the lid almost close, yet still kept it slightly open, so that disjointed parts of sentences occasionally reached her anxious listening ears.

As she guessed, the speakers were her own maid Julie and this new uncle of hers. Some indistinct, but evidently very angry sentences, came from the man. Then the woman's voice cried out audibly, in a sharp tone:

"You shall not hurt her—I say you shall not! Leave her to me."

"Curse you—speak lower! I tell you, unless she gives up this confounded idea, I'll—I'll do for her! How could she have got it into her head?"

"What matters that if I can persuade her out of it? Don't do anything rash. It would be utter madness to—"

Julie's voice died away. Some angry whispered discussion followed, during which the speakers seemed to have moved farther away into the room. Quivering with new fear, Guelda, though straining her ears, could catch nothing until they at last approached the door. Then she heard the man say, with a low fiendish laugh that made her heart rise with a sensation of sickness:

"It would be easy enough to get two doctors' certificates that she is off her head—and a quiet clap her into a private asylum. The sporting little chap would do it for one, and Lady Ermyntrude Gamble will back me up—she gets my trouble with the girl already, and thinks her mad from 'unrequited love,' Ha, ha! She is mad to cross me as she is doing!"

"It is cruel, shameful! I wish I never had promised to help you in such an affair."

"Too late for that now! Don't be an idiot, Julie! You have got to do what I tell you: you know that well enough."

"Yes, you are a hard enough master now," said the woman, with a low bitter laugh. "You seem to forget these last days that assistance is not very amusing to me here, whatever it may be to you. You pretend to care for me; but when do I ever see you? You are always, always with those idle good-for-nothing friends! Ciel, a pretty lord you are! Do you think, then, I am an angel to bear it?"

"Have patience—have a little patience, Julie! A man in my position cannot afford to give rise to scandal and gossip—"

Evidently his lordship had drawn Julie farther back into the room and was coaxing her into a better humor, for Guelda could not catch any more of their whispered conversation. But, as both came out into the passage, Julie said presently, in apparently restored good temper:

"*C'est bien!* I trust you! And you promise not to hurt the girl?"

"Of course not. But a little bread-and-water discipline will not harm her—that's all."

Supporting the lid of the chest with her fingers, Guelda heard this much; then Julie's door closed softly.

The girl was preparing to creep out after a few minutes, when, to her, horror, a candle flashed past her hiding-place. Lord Loudon was stealthily creeping down the passage again to her own—Guelda's—door. Trembling, she managed, though cramped by lying on her side, to raise the chest-lid sufficiently to peer out with difficulty.

Her door was at the farther end of the corridor. She saw her pseudo-uncle stoop and listen at the key-hole, then come away with an air of irresolution. Again he turned back two steps with a stealthy tread, and listened once more with a look of doubt, as if suspicious that the occupant of the room was not within. Then, apparently unable to satisfy himself, he shook his clenched fist towards the door. Guelda shuddered at the revengeful attitude, then watched from her loophole the receding figure disappear down the passage.

It was only after a considerable time of waiting that Guelda cautiously emerged from her hiding-place, fled to her own room, and unlocked and relocked her door. Then at last her knees quaked under her; feeling safe, she dared give way to her natural fears.

"I knew it—I knew he was a villain!" she said to herself. "If he was the true man, he would not fear exposure!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Mademoiselle looks very pale," remarked Julie the next morning.

Guelda explained that she had been frightened during the night; she had imagined she heard steps outside her door.

"And I sleep very lightly," she added.

This little stratagem, by which the poor girl hoped to rouse Julie's sympathy, succeeded. The woman started slightly, as Guelda noticed, then said, in an altered voice that seemed striving to be careless:

"It is a pity to lose one's rest with such fancies. Still, if mademoiselle chooses to sleep in the inner room"—this was a small dressing-room with no passage door—"I do not mind occupying this one just to give her confidence."

"If my uncle has no objection to your having my room, I shall be very glad," responded Guelda, with a shudder, for she was sure that Julie was, if possible, more frightened than herself on hearing of the steps.

"Oh, objection!" said the waiting-woman, with a hard look, tossing her head. "Milord has no right to interfere when your health is concerned; and so I shall tell him."

Evidently Julie was a determined woman, and meant to keep her word. Guelda expressed her gratitude as warmly as she dared, feeling with a sort of wondering calm that perhaps her liberty, even her life, depended on the liking shown her and the protection extended by her own maid.

"I congratulate mademoiselle on using the word 'uncle' again," Julie added, with a keen look, presently. "If you could put this mad idea out of your head, it would be much better for yourself."

A sudden chance of recovering her old position of comparative safety loomed before Guelda. Bending her head, while a warm flush burnt her cheeks, she replied humbly:

"I believe you are right, Julie." It seemed so like a fib that she was well-nigh ashamed of herself.

"What! Then you have thought over my advice?" cried Julie, with a surprised, almost joyful glance.

"Of course I have thought over it! It was too serious a matter not to consider all that was to be said."

"And you give up all your foolish ideas then?"

"I think that perhaps, as you said, I was a little excited when I spoke to you about it," was the only reply Guelda could bring herself to frame. Her private interest from what would have been a direct lie; she was so brave that cowardice appeared worse humiliation than suffering.

Julie seemed somewhat dissatisfied; for once her astuteness was at fault, but she maintained silence.

And now Guelda nerved herself to go downstairs and face a great ordeal. She always found herself alone at breakfast time; an hour or so later Bino would appear—a sleepy and lazy little urchin with his elf-locks only half brushed, while his dressing hardly merited the term. To all sisterly expostulations he used to answer, in half-defiant apology, "I'm not as late as my uncle." Indeed Guelda suspected him lately of waiting about for uncle Robert, so as to be guarded from a scolding by his protector.

On this morning Guelda stayed, as always, to pour out their tea, which she had kept hot, this being a duty she felt bound to perform in courtesy; otherwise she would, perhaps, hardly ever see during the day the master of Sheen, whose guest she was supposed to be. Instead of leaving the man and boy to breakfast together this morning, Guelda lingered, her courage seeming to trickle away as she stayed, requiring much inward effort to bring it back again.

"Bino looks very tired this morning—don't you think so, uncle Robert? I am afraid he must have sat up rather late," she hazarded presently, making the first plunge.

"What is that to you?" was Lord Loudon's rude reply, while he turned his pale face towards her with a sinister expression and sidelong glance.

"It is a great deal, as I am his sister; and you know I am really responsible for his health and welfare, in spite of all your kindness," Guelda managed to say, with a light air of cheerfulness was far from feeling.

"You leave the boy to me. I am fond of Bertrand—eh, old chap!—and I like him to have his pleasures; and so he shall. You are always grumbling at him."

"Oh, come, I say—that is too hard on her, poor girl! No, no!" put in the little boy, with a half-patronising, rather anxiously-affectionate look toward his sister that would have been amusing had it not been pitiful. Plainly he was fond of thinking Guelda foolish, but he was still fond of her.

"You may be fond of Bino," she said—"I am not going to dispute that; I think he is in a hurtful condness. You give him little cigarettes constantly; but, no matter how small, they are not fit for a child of his age to smoke. And then you let him sit up late and dinner when he sits up with you." The troubled young sister dared not add what she also feared, that Bino was teaching her boy bad language. "Pray forgive me," added poor Guelda, trying to command herself and force a conciliatory, quivering smile; "but, you see, since he was a baby I have had charge of Bino. He knows that—I brought him up.

"Don't call me by that baby name any longer," broke in the boy, with a vexation "My uncle never does; he knows what a fellow likes."

"Look here, my dear Guelda," said uncle Robert, speaking with a treacherous quietness—"you want to look after Bertrand yourself, don't you—perhaps to take him away from me? Is that it?"

"Yes," uttered Guelda eagerly, thinking fearlessness might be best: "I can make a home for both him and me wherever you wish. It is bad for Bertrand to grow up dependent on your bounty; and, however generous you are to him, surely he will not wish to live always at your expense! I think those who can work and have no money ought to work—don't you? And surely we must cost you a great deal."

"Indeed!" he sneered, as if he had of money there, but uncle Robert only replied, with a low mocking laugh—

"And so you want to go! But you don't take Bertrand away to starve with my consent! I can't help it if you go to the workhouse or a female asylum—but, if I think fit, I'll go with you of his own free will, why, ask him!"

Guelda shivered slightly at the threat of the asylum. But, turning to Bertrand, she besought the boy, with all her great love shining in her eyes—appealed to his pride, his affection for her; surely he had trusted in her so long he would now believe she knew what was right for him! He could not desert her—they had never been parted before.

The boy sat with his black eyes glowing, occasionally throwing an appealing glance, as if for protection against Guelda, towards his uncle, who answered with—"I—told—you—so, boy!" Then, at last, with quivering lips, his mind torn by conflicting feelings, but selfishness being uppermost, the little lad cried out:

"I don't go—I won't! My uncle is right—you must be a little cracked, Guelda. Why should I leave my pony and everything here and go to lessons and be—be starved with you? I won't!" His voice broke down in a dry sob or two, moved by thoughts of the pleasures he might be called on to forego.

Guelda threw herself on one knee beside him, putting her arms round him in a burst of loving emotion, entreaty, and protection. The boy pushed her off passionately and freed himself.

"I won't go! There—I won't!"

He ended his sentence with something like a curse. Guelda was very white. She got to her room, touching the walls for support now and then, and, when once there, fainted for the first time in her life.

Almost a month later. It was a dark November night. Alone, affrighted, and already half exhausted, though she had left Sheen only five miles behind her, Guelda, as her ton was walking hastily, nearly running at times, along a miry way: while occasional gusts of rain stung her face and soaked her garments, which a bitter wind seemed to pierce through, chilling her bones. Now and then she glanced fearfully over her shoulder, and at the least noise crouched in the blackness of the wintry night. A prisoner for the past month, growing weak from want of exercise and air, trembling hourly lest every noise on the stairs should be the footsteps of the doctor whom she too well dreaded might be induced to declare her suffering from delusions, Guelda had escaped at last! Before flying she had implored freedom from her gaoler, but had only overstrung thereby her already almost maddened nerves and roused his suspicions. Her flight seemed a terrible dream. Was she really free? Her heart beat fast, her breath quickened as she thought of it. Heavens! was that a horse's gallop behind her—nearer—nearer? The moon shone out fitfully; her dark figure would be seen flying up the straight road. Giving herself up into the hands of those dens, a dark heap, under the hedge; she could not escape, and—. Yes, it was his gray horse! She recognised in the rider, as she feared, her gaoler, her enemy—"uncle Robert."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Under the hedge poor Guelda passed five minutes of such anguish of dread as she never afterwards could bear to remember, her mind paralysed; she clenched her small hands, straining her muscles convulsively, while her eyes started with fear. Like vivid pictures, the horrors she had read and heard of as endured by such people confined from cupidity or revenge on the part of their relatives in private lunatic asylums passed before her mind. She seemed to see herself harassed by suspicions, her entreaties and remonstrances all regarded as proofs of madness, until, goaded to desperation by excitation of anger or attempted escape brought on horrors of ill-usage at which her soul already sickened and shrank. Nearer, nearer came the horse. A cold sweat broke out on the girl's face, a darkness passed before her eyes.

When Guelda came to herself, she found it was really dark around her, the moon was hidden under a bank of clouds. On the road in front the gray horse had passed by, its rider pulling up into a trot with a careless word or two. Then the man's well-known voice broke with a rollicking sound into some lines of a low music-hall song.

Guelda had lost consciousness only for a brief few seconds, and meanwhile came deliverance. Her prayers had never seen her place in the blessed darkness. Nay, he was not even on her track, or he would not be trotting so leisurely or singing with such jovial vulgarity. But will either then was he going at this unusual hour? The answer soon came. At some crossroads Lord Loudon turned sharply up a by-lane. There was one living beyond there whom he could possibly be going to see except his boon companion, the sporting doctor.

A sound passed Guelda's lips, but it was an inspiration of breath as the girl braced all her muscles, not a weak outcry. She would need all her strength to escape, all the fleetness of foot and untiring energy that had been the dowry of her old free forest life; but she might do it. This midnight ride meant mischief—the doctors were being summoned in great earnest now. But they would not disturb her supposed rest till the morning, and meanwhile, if she could but catch the night-train at the town, still five miles distant, dawn would see her safe in London.

Flying on, her tired muscles given fresh energy by the sharpened spur of her fears, poor Guelda seemed to see the dark blurred outlines of trees and hedges go by as in a nightmare. With these visions of exhaustion she hurried on—still, still on. At last the station-lights gleamed across a small flat plain below her. The last mile of level road was the worst of all. The girl's brave spirit seemed to be dragging the lagging, jaded body along; despite her efforts, it seemed to crawl into the station. No train was there, no distant whistle to be heard. A horrible dread overpowered Guelda that she was too late; and by morning there would be messengers after her in every direction.

"Please, when does the London train——"

"Due in two minutes," grumbled a porter, taking a sleepy survey of the rain-soaked, muddy-booted woman's figure he saw budded in a dripping cloak.

Thank heaven! Guelda sank into a corner out of sight, feeling heavy as lead. In ten minutes she had got into a third-class compartment. By daylight the train would reach London, and the fugitive was safe for the present—a frail unit merged in the great crowd.

"The duke is not in town. His grace is still yachting, and is believed to be cruising in the Mediterranean." So answered a pompous, idle footman to Guelda's timid and tired interrogations.

The man had stared superciliously at first at her shabby dress, which still showed of the previous night's rain and mud, although she had rested for some time and tried to repair the disorder of the journey after breakfast at a cheap London restaurant. Recognizing Miss Seaton with inward surprise, the servant, however, became more civil, though she guessed, with her quick sensitiveness that he was rather impertinently criticizing her changed appearance and pale, weary face.

"Can you tell me Lady Grizel's address?" asked Guelda.

The important functionary was sorry to say that that was impossible.

"Her ladyship hasn't given no address. There's a pile of letters waiting for her already. No one can say when she will be pleased to return from the Home, where she is understood to be staying."

"And the duke? Could you not say where a letter addressed to him would reach him?"

A covert smile flickered around Jeames' lips. He would inquire. Presently he returned with two other lounging gentlemen, his fellows, who, in examining Miss Seaton, had the same looks of curiosity—for which purpose they had apparently been summoned—held a short consultation. The two new second-footmen in the first footman's impression that orders had been received to forward his Grace's letters to Genoa.

Feeling convinced that the man had delayed this information only in order to give the other servants an opportunity of wondering at the change in the brilliant beauty before whom they had bowed deferentially as the future mistress, Guelda walked away with her head high but a swelling heart.

"It is of no use, then, as the Duke and Grizel are not expected home. How quickly a great household grows insolent in the master's absence!" she said to herself, thinking how angry simple honest Islay would be, and Alfie too—who was known to be as chivalrous in manner to an old apple-woman as to a princess—could either know how she was slighted by these lackeys.

Alone in London, without luggage, Guelda Seaton found it a somewhat difficult and painful task to find a lodging. She had disposed easily, probably at a considerable loss, of some of the small articles of jewelry which she had managed to secrete from Julie's grasp and carry away with her. But, after being scrutinised at many doors over which the word Apartments hung, in the quiet semi-genteel streets to which these steps instinctively turned, and finding herself always refused with cold and dubious looks, poor Guelda felt on the verge of breaking down into bitter weeping—she was so tired after her flight and want of sleep—so disappointed.

"I must not give way; that would be worst of all," she thought to herself, struggling to force back the tears in her big brown eyes, whose lustre was still undimmed after all her fatigues and fears, though there were dark circles round them. Even as she made the effort, the mistress of the last lodgings, where she still stood on the threshold, looked at her perplexed, gave her a clue to what was amiss in her appearance.

"You may be quite respectable, my dear—I would say that you look otherwise," said the woman, who seemed a good-natured soul, eyeing Guelda with pitying doubt. "But the truth is, you're very handsome to be roaming alone like this. And then your dress is rather stylish too—and having no luggage! I've been always so particular as to who I look in."

Rebuffed, and almost ashamed, the late heiress and beauty walked away diffidently; but now she knew what she must do.

Having, on reaching London, taken off the long dark cloak she had worn by way of disguise the night before, Guelda's dress, although what she thought simply morning attire, had a fashionable cut that on her exquisite figure excited remark. Going straightway to one of those large shops where a wholeoutfit can be provided in half an hour, Miss Seaton's appearance was soon considerably changed. A plain hat and thick veil, a ready-made somewhat dowdy grey cloak, did not fit certainly, but, as Guelda remarked to the shop-woman, she could alter it herself—and some other small changes of a kind gave an outward appearance of a "young person in humble circumstances." Making some excuse for keeping on these new clothes, Guelda next had her former ones packed in a small trunk, likewise bought on the premises, together with some other toilet necessaries. Then, taking her box on a cab, this innocent stratagem, which began to feel as if she was a person of a deebly-scheming turn of mind, at last found herself installed in a cheap back bedroom of the modest and dingy but respectable appearance.

The next thing to do was to write to Islay. Guelda, tired though she was, spent time in evening composing her letter. Several times she tore up closely-written pages, thinking, "Unless I see him and explain things slowly, so that he can see or by degrees into my suspicions of the uncle of mine, he will think me crazy too." At last she wrote only a brief note, reminding Islay of his promise to help her as a brother, and imploring its fulfilment when he returned. She was in great trouble. There was no other friend to whom she could turn for aid. Then the girl stole outside and posted the letter, lest its address should excite curiosity in her lodgings.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was well for Guelda that she had taken the precaution of buying new clothes. As she sat one evening to her humble tea, her landlady paused, after setting down the tray which she had just carried up-stairs, and said with condescending pity.

"It's very lonely for you up here. I would not be a governess myself for any wages. Have you got a situation?"

"Not yet," answered Guelda, assuming a cheerful air; "but I hope to hear of something shortly. I have some friends expecting me back on coming back to town, and they will help me."

"Friends, have you! Well, I'm glad to hear it. I thought you not the woman who has run away from here, and is advertised for as missing. Me and my husband was just speaking of it to each other this morning; for you have a dress rather like her that's described. That is it hanging up behind the door there!" and the landlady, a country-bred woman, but hungry-eyed, gazed at the black dress in question, hanging her head, with its side-curls kept in place by two combs, scrutinisingly awry.

"Can you mean?" smiled Guelda, trying to look unconcerned, though inwardly she was sick at heart.

"Here is the paper; the advertisement has been in these two days—would you like to see it?"—producing a greasy *Standard* from her apron pocket, and adding, with the tact necessary to consult his employer, who was engaged with the gentleman opposite.

Guelda took the paper, and, after waiting deferentially for some time, managed to whisper to the great jeweler. He was severely frowned on for his pains; the other customer was a person of high rank, and such an interruption was most ill-timed.

The customer, however, was evidently of a good-humored disposition, for, overhearing the assistant's murmur of apology, "Almost the finest pearls I ever saw in my life, sir, or I would not have ventured—lady appears poor—anxious to sell them," he broke in:

"Don't mind me, Mr. Benjamin, if you want to look at anything; and don't keep a lady—any woman—waiting for me. If it is anything worth seeing I should not mind having a look at it myself."

"It is a very fine string of pearls and a beautiful old diamond locket, your grace," answered Mr. Benjamin, in a discreet whisper of deference, mingled with caution, after having examined the necklace with raised eyebrows. "Whoever wants to sell these should be a person of title, or have come by them in some strange manner."

"Let me see it," desired Islay—for he it was.

The next moment he started, and pointing to some faded silk letters stamped on the cover, uttered aloud:

"Guelda!"

Poor Guelda had been waiting with a sinking heart. The minutes that elapsed and the murmured colloquy had filled her with vague alarms; her story might be disbelieved, even the pearls might be pending an explanation of how she came by them. What had she to prove herself really Guelda Seaton? And, if they should write to Lord Loudon for confirmation, she was lost! The girl knew so little of life except from her childhood's experiences that she believed might, as often as not, took the place of right, and most things were possible to the strong.

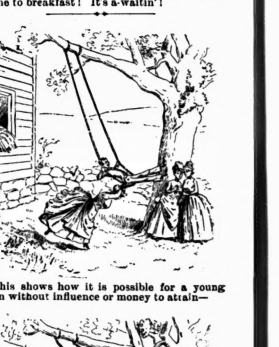
(To be Continued.)

Perils of Style.

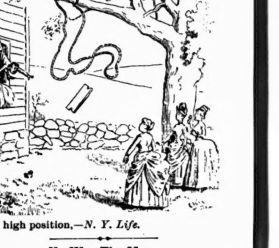
A lord bishop visited a country rector recently and was treated with high ceremony. His lordship was late at breakfast next morning, and the rector's wife, becoming uneasy, instructed her little daughter to follow the bishop "Go in to his lordship's door, Bridget, and knock gently, and when the bishop answers, say slowly and quietly, just as I do, 'Breakfast waits.' The hostess listened, and heard Bridget's clump, clump, clump upon the stairs. Then a brawny bang upon the bishop's door, and the following:

Bishop (gently from inside)—What is it?

Bridget (loudly from outside)—My God! Come to breakfast! It's a-waitin'!



This shows how it is possible for a young man without influence or money to attain—



A high position.—*N. Y. Life.*

He Was The Man.

A clerical-looking gentleman, in the hope of obtaining a contribution, entered the office of a newspaper, and finding the editor at his desk, said:

"I am soliciting aid for a high-toned gentleman of refinement and intelligence, who is in need of a little ready money, but is too proud to make known his sufferings."

"Why," exclaimed the editor, "I'm the only man in town who answers to that description. What is the gentleman's name?"

"I am not at liberty to disclose his name."

"It must be me, parson. Heaven bless you and prosper you in your good work," said the editor, wiping away a tear.

The editor says that the look the parson gave him as he went out will haunt him in his grave.

Mistaken Leniency.

Magistrate—Now, Stups, as the goose you have stolen happened to be mine, I will be lenient for once, and let you go unpunished but mind you are not caught again committing the same offence!

Stups—Thanks, your worship; I'll be more careful next time!

Very Dear.

"Those dear eyes of thine," as the old gentleman said when he bought his wife another pair of fifty-shilling spectacles.

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHRISTIAN DUCHESS.

"Oh, Lord Nelson, don't, don't let him take her away!" Belle cried, in a perfect abandonment of grief. "I know there is some mistake. Hazel never did a wrong thing in her life. But they will not believe her, and this man is going to take her away to prison. Oh, can't you do something to save her?"

"Save her—Hazel! Take her away to prison!" Lord Nelson repeated, mechanically, and overcome with astonishment, while he grew pale at the ominous words, and glanced wonderingly from the weeping girl in his arms to the strange man and Hazel standing so pale and sad beside him.

"What does she mean?" he demanded, recovering himself somewhat, and speaking now to Hazel herself.

A vivid flush shot up to her brow as she met his glance, and her lips quivered with pain as she replied:

"They think that I—have taken something that does not belong to me, and—and I have been arrested."

"Arrested! You!" he thundered, in a voice of indignant protest. "Wait!" he commanded, addressing the detective, who, turning to Mrs. Stewart, he demanded an explanation.

She told him briefly what had occurred, and showed him the necklace which had just been taken from Hazel's trunk, to corroborate her statements.

"You say that she claims it as her own?" he asked, with some surprise, when she concluded, and remembering that Mrs. Stewart had worn such a necklace the evening previous.

"Yes, my lord," interposed the officer, with a knowing look; "but of course you and I both know that a girl working for her living would not be likely to own anything so valuable as that."

But Lord Nelson did not appear to be as skeptical as those about him; he was also very pale, and his lips were compressed with a look of pain.

"Will you allow me to ask Miss Gay a few questions?" he inquired of the officer, and moving nearer Hazel.

"Oh, certainly, your lordship; as many as you like, provided you do not detain us too long. I must dispose of my fair prisoner in season to return to London on the evening train," the detective replied, obligingly.

"Will you tell me, as briefly as you can, your story about the necklace?" Lord Nelson asked kindly of Hazel, while he searched her face earnestly, but paid no heed to Mrs. Stewart or Helena, who betrayed some displeasure at his interest in the culprit.

Hazel came near losing her self-possession as she met his sympathizing eyes; but, conquering herself with an effort, she repeated in substance what she had already related upstairs.

"You have had this necklace in your possession ever since you were three years old?" he asked, when she had concluded.

"Oh, no; not in my personal possession; only since the death of the light house keeper. He took charge of it for me until then, when, at my earnest solicitation, it was given to me, although I was advised to allow it to be deposited in some safety vault," Hazel replied.

"You say you were looking at it last evening after Mrs. Stewart left the house?" pursued his lordship.

"Yes; I was so much amazed when she took her own from the case that I nearly committed the blunder of claiming it, then and there, as mine; but immediately after she went down to the carriage, I ran to my own room to assure myself that mine was safe."

"Have you been in Mrs. Stewart's room since you fastened her necklace last evening?" continued the young lord.

"No, I have not; I was asleep when the ladies returned, and this morning went out rowing at six o'clock, not returning until about ten. Mrs. Stewart discovered her loss just after I came in, and before I had an opportunity to go up stairs.

"All this amounts to nothing," Mrs. Stewart here interposed, with some show of impatience. "The officer here has found that the key to her door will fit one leading into mine, and he is convinced that she must have entered while I was asleep and removed the necklace."

"But she affirms that she did not enter the room last night after you left," said Lord Nelson, replying to Mrs. Stewart, but with his eyes searching Hazel's face.

"Those who steal will lie to conceal it," remarked Helena, sententiously.

A look of calm scorn settled upon Hazel's face.

"I have told only the truth," she said, meeting Lord Nelson's look unflinchingly.

"I believe you," he said; then added to Mrs. Stewart: "I am convinced that you and the officer are mistaken about this matter. I firmly believe what Miss Gay has told us. It is not reasonable to suppose that she would dare to take so valuable a piece of jewelry from you, and, least of all, conceal it in her trunk, where it must inevitably be discovered. If she had been a person of such doubtful character she would have been far more likely to have taken it with her this morning, when she went to the island, and concealed it there.

"There is a mystery—a romance connected with her life; and doubtless she belonged to a wealthy family at the time she was rescued from that sinking ship. The clothing you have described goes to prove that; and, strange as it may appear, that necklace that you hold in your hand may have been a duplicate of your own and belonged to her mother as she says. I am strongly impressed, Mrs. Stewart, that some other person has stolen your necklace, and this rightly belongs to Miss Gay."

Mrs. Stewart flushed hotly and her eyes flashed with anger at this.

"In that event you make it out that I have purloined valuable property from her," she remarked, with considerable asperity.

"Not wilfully, of course. I know that you would not intentionally wrong her, but I feel that a great wrong will be done if Miss Gay is arrested and this case allowed to come to trial," the young man said, respectfully, but boldly speaking his convictions.

"I cannot help it," Mrs. Stewart retorted, obstinately. "I claim this necklace and I shall retain it until its duplicate—if there is a duplicate—is found."

"And it is too late to interfere in the matter now," the officer here interposed, "for Miss Gay has already been arrested and the law will have to take its course."

A hot flush mounted to Lord Nelson's brow at this.

"I regret it most sincerely," he said, adding with a cold bow to Mrs. Stewart: "but at least madam, it is in my power to mitigate her condition somewhat. Mr. Officer, the case will of course admit of bail?"

"I suppose it will, your lordship, if anybody will give bonds for her."

"Then I shall become Miss Gay's surety. I will give bonds to any amount to release the young lady from custody."

"How very kind of you," Helena Stewart remarked, with malicious sweetness. "I am sure you have secured Miss Gay's everlasting gratitude by such a philanthropic act."

Miss Stewart's claws though hitherto sheathed in velvet, instinctively showed themselves when she saw her rival about to escape the terrible fate that seemed hanging over her.

Belle flew at Hazel, threw her arms about her, and sobbed aloud from very joy.

Mrs. Stewart was secretly relieved, although somewhat offended with Lord Nelson for his interference, for she could not bear that the girl should be thrust into a dismal prison, notwithstanding she firmly believed in her guilt.

"Of course, mamma, she cannot stay here any longer," Helena remarked, in a low tone. "You surely will not intrust Belle with her after this."

Low as the words were spoken, Hazel and Lord Nelson both caught them, and the latter shot an indignant, almost contemptuous, look at the young lady.

Hazel flushed crimson, then a feeling of desolation took possession of her, for she did not know of a place in the world where she could find refuge in this time of trouble.

She had sunk weak and trembling upon a chair, when Lord Nelson offered bail for her, overcome by his unexampled kindness; but her heart was greatly burdened now in view of her utter friendlessness. Who would receive a suspected criminal into their home?

Lord Nelson stepped aside to confer with the officer. The latter, on being assured that the nobleman would be answerable for the appearance of Hazel at any time required, resolved to take the responsibility of releasing her from custody. After which he touched his hat courteously to the ladies and took his departure, more relieved than he would have been willing to own that he had not been obliged to "take that little beauty to prison."

"Now that matter is comfortable settled—at least for the present, Miss Gay," Lord Nelson said, cheerily, as he approached her after the detective had gone; "you are as free as the air until this unfortunate case becomes the subject of magisterial investigation, and I trust before that time arrives we shall be able to ferret out the real rogue, and relieve you from this disagreeable situation."

"You are very kind—" Hazel began, but not another word could she utter, while, in spite of her gratitude, she kept saying to herself, "What shall I do!—where shall I go!"

Now she felt the need of Percy's strong, loving heart and protecting care as she had never felt it before. Oh, if he were only there to direct her and help her bear this crushing burden!—to comfort her and give her the assurance that he would defend her to the end.

"I am only too glad to be able to relieve you from present discomfort. Is there anything more that I can do for you? If so, pray command me. Can I take you to your friends?"

Hazel arose wearily, remembering that she could not remain there—that she must search for some place before nightfall in which to lay her aching head.

"Thank you," she said; "I have no friends—no relations to whom I can go; but I suppose I can find a lodging somewhere until the—the trial comes off."

"Mamma, surely you will not let Hazel go! We have room enough and to spare, and she can stay here just as well as not," Belle broke out, impulsively.

"Miss Gay need not go to-night, if she does not feel able," Mrs. Stewart replied, frigidly; "she can remain until to-morrow. Indeed, if you are going to search for a lodging it will be better for you to start out in the morning," she said, turning to Hazel, but with no kindness, no relenting in her manner.

Lord Nelson's eyes blazed.

"How heartless these women are!" he thought.

Then he turned gently to the forlorn girl, and said:

"Allow me to offer you the hospitalities of my home for the present, Miss Gay, as well as the support and sympathy of her grace, my grandmother. I can answer for her that she will receive you kindly," he concluded, with an indignant glance at the two women standing so coldly by.

"It will be needful for you," he went on, as he saw that Hazel could not for the moment respond, "to remain in Brighton, for you will shortly be required to go before a magistrate for examination, and to have the time for your trial set. Meantime, you will do as I ask you, will you not—come home with me?"

Hazel looked up gratefully.

"You are very, very good," she said, tremulously; "but I am afraid I ought not—"

"Indeed you ought," he returned, smiling; "at least, let me take you home for the night, and you can decide on the morrow what will be best for you to do. Come, my carriage is at the door and I will drive you directly there."

Hazel would have much preferred going up stairs to her own room, but Mrs. Stewart, feeling the reproof of Lord Nelson's kindness more than she would have cared to own, and angered by it as well, stood by coldly and proudly silent, and the young girl could not remain where she felt she was not wanted.

The sun was setting, night was coming on. She was weary with the excitement of the day, and faint, for she had eaten nothing since morning; so when the fine young lord came forward, and gently took her hand to lead her from the house, she did not resist, although Belle kissed her with streaming eyes, and declared that it was "a burning shame to turn her out of doors like that."

When they reached the duchess' villa Lord Nelson led her to the library, put her into a comfortable chair, then sought his grandmother and related all that had occurred, not forgetting to express his hot displeasure of the Stewarts' heartlessness, nor to tell what action he had taken in the matter.

To his great disappointment her grace's judgment was against Hazel. She told him that she considered the evidence very strong against her, and she could not fail to regard her as guilty unless the other necklace—if there was another—should be found.

But at the same time her heart was full of compassion for the friendless girl, and she told her dear boy that he had done perfectly right in bringing Hazel to her—that she was surprised at Mrs. Stewart's attitude, and pained by her lack of charity.

"Still, she might at least have given her the shelter of her home, as became a Christian woman, and tried to win her back to a better life, if she has been tempted and erred in a moment of weakness," she said, regretfully. "Where is she?" she asked, rising to go to Hazel.

"In the library; but grandmother, pray do not let her see that you believe her guilty," pleaded the young man, earnestly, a hot flush suffusing his face. "for forgive me if I wound you, I may as well confess it first as last, I have learned to love this beautiful girl with my whole soul. For my sake, if not for hers, refrain from wounding her."

"Nelson!" exclaimed the aged duchess, regarding him with an expression of astonishment and great distress.

"I must be honest, it is true, your grace," he returned, with proud humility, "I should lose if I wound you. I have not failed to understand that you had other wishes and plans for me," he went on, gravely, "and it gives me pain to disappoint you in them; but, grandmother, you have not exercised your usual penetration and judgment in this matter, for Helena Stewart, in spite of her beauty, accomplishments and apparent sweetness of disposition, is not a true woman; she is false and selfish at heart, or I am greatly mistaken."

"My son, do not depreciate another for the sake of fortifying your own doubtful cause," said the duchess in tones of grave reproof.

"I would not, I assure you, wrong her wilfully, but two or three circumstances have of late come under my observation and opened my eyes to the fact and confirmed this opinion of her character. For one thing, Miss Gay did not receive her card for our reception last evening."

"But I sent it at the same time that the others were dispatched for the family," said her grace, unable, however, to comprehend what this circumstance had to do with Helena Stewart's character.

"I am aware of that fact," replied Lord Nelson. "I am also quite sure that Miss Stewart intercepted it."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the duchess, astonished, "and yet," she added, gravely, "I know you would not make such a statement unless you believed you had ample proof of the fact. How do you know she did not receive the card?"

"She told me so. I asked her on the way hither to-day why she did not come last night, and she looked up at me astonished.

"'Of course I could not come,' she said.

"'But a card was sent you. I addressed it myself,' I told her.

"She colored crimson, and, after thinking a moment, said:

"'There must be some mistake, for she had received none.'"

"But the footman may have lost it on his way to deliver the invitations," suggested the duchess, unwilling to believe that those whom she had learned to regard as dear friends could be guilty of any so dishonorable.

"No, I am sure that Miss Stewart is the one to be blamed," persisted his lordship, "for I inquired particularly for Miss Gay when the family arrived last night, and Belle began to explain that 'she did not have' something, when I saw her sister give her a warning nudge; and then Helena herself said that 'Miss Gay was not able to come.'"

"Yes, she told me the same, and it is very strange," said her grace, looking very grave. "But about this unfortunate young girl, my son, I am deeply distressed; I could not think for a moment of countenancing your affection for her."

"But, grandmother——"

"I know all that you would say," her grace interrupted. "She is beautiful, talented, well educated—to all appearance a perfect lady; but we know nothing about her beyond that; according to her own story there is a questionable mystery about her parentage and early life, and a union between the house of Hartwell and a girl of obscure birth cannot be contemplated for a moment, not to mention this unhappy affair of to-day."

"And yet I love her," firmly reiterated the young lord. "However, it must be understood, once for all, that I shall never propose for Miss Stewart's hand," he concluded, decidedly.

The duchess sighed.

"I only desire your happiness, my boy. I have lived for that alone ever since the death of your father, and the last thing I could wish for you would be a marriage with a woman whom you could neither trust nor respect. Still, I have never seen anything in Helena to excite aught but admiration and affection. To me she has always appeared a sweet and lovable girl, while no one can question her fitness to occupy a high position. Her mother, as well as I, will be greatly disappointed over the downfall of our hopes."

"I know that Mrs. Stewart's ambitious for her daughter; but I have known also, for some time, that I could never marry her, although until last evening and to day I have at least respected and admired her. I saw that in her this evening which assured me that she would not hesitate to commit a great wrong for the sake of being revenged upon one she disliked."

"I fear that you allow your infatuation for Miss Gay to warp your judgment, my son. As a disinterested party, I must say that things look very dark for this young girl. It is not reasonable to suppose a person in her position could be the rightful possessor of such a valuable necklace; while the very fact that she withholds the name of the only person who knows anything of her early history, shows that something is very wrong."

"I cannot understand that," Lord Nelson admitted. "It may be, however, that it is an act of self-sacrifice on her part."

"You are strangely infatuated," her grace remarked, with a heavy sigh.

"I am sorry you so regard my feelings," the young man returned, "for I assure you I entertain a strong and lasting attachment for her. I believe that Hazel Gay is a pure and noble woman, and as sure as positive, in her own soul that she never took that necklace from Mrs. Stewart as that I did not steal it myself."

The duchess arose in chagrin, feeling that it would be useless to further prolong the conversation.

"One thing I must insist upon, my son," she said, with decision, "and that is, your promise not to commit yourself to her in any way, while she is an inmate of this house. I will befriend her only upon that condition. I am very, very sorry for her, and I will care for her as I would for any other poor child who has erred and who has no friends to defend her. We will provide good counsel for her, and trust that an official investigation will reveal some mitigating circumstances. If I help you in this, you must set my mind at rest upon the one point that disturbs me."

She stood looking sorrowfully at him, waiting for him to reply.

"I give you my promise, your grace," he said, after a moment; "but, if she is proved innocent of this charge, I shall ask you to release me from it, and also grant me your permission to make this lovely girl my wife if I can win her."

"You are of age, my boy. I cannot prevent your doing as you choose. Still, it would be a bitter trial to me—one that, I fear, I could not bear and live—to have any taint cast upon our honored house and name," the duchess, said, tremulously.

"One moment," his lordship pleaded, as she was turning from him. "Pray, do not allow Hazel to feel that you believe her guilty."

"I think you may trust me, my son, not to wilfully wound even the least of my Master's little ones," she replied, with gentle dignity.

The young man sprang forward and raised her hand to his lips.

"I know that your heart is full of Christian charity," he said, deeply moved. "You are the noblest woman in all England."

He led her to the door, and, with an air of profound respect, held it open while she passed out, and closed it softly, almost reverentially, when she was gone.

(To be Continued.)

The Man at The Junction.

The other day six railway passengers were put down at a junction to wait for a stopping train. The little ticket office was the only building in sight, and the man in charge of it was the only one in the station. He simply looked after the office, and was no more responsible for the running of trains than the Tycoon of Japan. Every one of the six realized this, and yet it wasn't two minutes before one of the passengers approached him and asked:

"Is that train up to time?"

"I think so."

"Oh! you think so, do you! Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"You don't, eh! Then how do you know it isn't an hour late."

"I don't."

"Don't, eh! Well, if it turns out that train's late you'll—"

He was gently elbowed away by the old woman, who made up the six, and who wanted to know.

"Young man, will I get home to-day?"

"I think so."

"Gracious! but the train stops here, doesn't it?"

"Yes'm."

"Stops long enough for me and my washing to get in."

"Oh! yes."

"Well, mebbe it does, but if it don't—if it don't you'll hear from me," and the lady of the tub rejoined her basket.

She gave place to a man who had looked at his watch three times in as many minutes, and who hurriedly asked:

"Did I understand that we were to wait here two hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it positively two hours before the train arrives here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereabouts on the line is the train now?"

"Can't say, sir."

"Why don't you telegraph?"

"What, sir?"

"Telegraph—wire—send a message."

"Instrument's out of order, sir."

"Out of order, eh! That's a pretty state of affairs! Two long hours, perhaps four, probably six! Now, then, my friend, if——"

But he was gently hurried by the most peaceful looking man in the crowd, who edged up quietly and inquired:

"Train up to time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does it stop here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always?"

"Always."

"If I should get left here to night it will cost somed'y"—with a significant look at the poor fellow—"a nice little sum."

In the course of the next ten minutes the other two men approached, and indulged in about the same style of conversation; and after another ten minutes' interval he was asked what time it was, why he couldn't telegraph, why the train didn't make close connection, and why he didn't have a refreshment room in the station. He had a civil answer for every question, and his patience never wavered until just four minutes before the train was due. Then the old lady of the clothes basket said to him for the twentieth time:

"Do you suppose I'll miss the train?"

"I hope not," he replied quietly, "for if you do I'll borrow one of your clothes lines and commit suicide."

And at that the six passengers gathered on the end of the platform, went into convention and it was unanimously

Resolved, That the arrogance and impudence of public servants must be, and is hereby sternly rebuked.

"Smack!"

Voice (from out stilly dimness)—Oh, George! Hope of Brightened me. (Profound silence for some time.)

Same voice (with angelic sweetness)—G-e-o-r-g-e—frigaten me again.—*Judge.*

A Spinster's Advice to the Judge's Daughters.

Keep a watchful eye upon Platonics.

Make love a matter of rising—not of falling.

Friends are more rare than lovers. Remember this and do not confuse the two.

Eschew the conceit that because a man looks at you twice he must be in love with you.

Marriage should be worthy of a friendship, and you will be worthy of anything that may follow.

Let love alone. When the proper time comes for you to make his acquaintance he will seek you.

Love without friendship is a flower without roots. Marry for friendship alone, nor for anything else without it.

A really disinterested friend is as rare as life is long. If you find one such during a lifetime count yourself fortunate.

Cherish a lofty contempt for inuendoes and do not give a man opportunity to insult your good breeding by employing them a second time.

Do not cheapen yourself. Flowers that are open to every bee and lips that are free to be kissed by any who will come and take lose their desirability.

Maintain your dignity. Do not descend to another's level until you have proved the impossibility of raising him to your own. By that time you will have left no desire to walk on the same plane with him.

Beauty's Mecca.

Belle (third season, languidly)—Oh dear, I wish I had been born an English peeress!

Another Belle (first season)—Why, sweetest—because you are tired of trying to become one!

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Some Christmas Dinners.

There is a great world outside of the happy home circle. There are hundreds on hundreds of men and women in even a city like Toronto, comparatively small as it is, who from year's end to year's end never know the delights and the comforts of home. They live at hotels or in boarding houses, or rent rooms and take their meals out. For convenience sake many young men have rooms in some of the large buildings down-town from whence they turn in the morning to breakfast at a lunch counter or in some of the numerous eating houses which abound. Three times a day they may be seen in these places. Their faces grow familiar and by and by they come to be regarded as the regular habitues they are. They become accustomed to that mode of life and would not readily exchange it for any other. It offers a liberty, a freedom from restraint, a never-ending variety which home life does not. It has few responsibilities, few cares, few worries. The rooms are generally warm, cosy and comfortable. They are, as a rule, furnished with good taste and are kept in the careless free and easy style which seems a part of bachelorhood, and which is not without a distinctive charm.

The convenience of this mode of life extends to the matter of meals. The restaurants offer an endless variety of food and cookery. It is promptly served and generally properly served. The effete palate of such a gourmand as the New York *Sun's* young man who recently passed through Canada, may not be tickled by the productions of our local *chefs*, but by the mass of people who eat down town Toronto's restaurants are considered to be of more than average excellence.

THE ONLY CLOW.

Take the only Clow for instance. Who has not heard of Clow? Who has not heard of the early turtle which catcheth the epicure and which the only Clow importeth—that turtle of turtles, foundation for luscious soups and succulent steaks?

Everyone knows Clow.

His restaurant on Colborne street, near Church, is one of the oldest established in the city. It is a comfortable, home-like place, and the old heads of the city know it well. It is cool in summer and cosy in winter. On Christmas days the lonely diner lingers long here over his walnuts and wine. The cooking is excellent, the bill of fare varied, the prices reasonable, the waiters prompt and patient. The dining-room is comfortably furnished, and the bar, which opens off it and which is usually presided over by Mr. Wm. Clow himself, is equipped with a choice stock of liquors and cigars. Once a year there is a season of great joy at Clow's restaurant. It is at the holiday time, when there arrives from England a hamper of game—pheasants, hares, partridges—shot by the Duke of Hamilton on his estate, Easton Park, in Suffolk, and shipped by him to Clow. This year's hamper arrived last week and contained eighteen ring-necked pheasants and a half-a-dozen hares, and such pheasants and such hares; beautiful to behold. They are served by Clow through the Christmas holidays. With the annual hamper comes a big batch of holly and mistletoe, with which the dining-room is decorated through the Christmas season, making the cosy, comfortable and home-like room more cosy, comfortable and home-like still. The arrival of the English basket of game with its accompanying holly and mistletoe is looked forward to as a great event in the history of the house of Clow.

JEWELL'S RESTAURANT.

One of the best known and most popular restaurants in the city is Jewell's old established restaurant on Jordon street, of which Mr. Harry Morgan is the proprietor. The establishment is commodious and comfortable and soon will be more so, for Mr. Morgan finds that since he assumed control of it, the business has increased at a rate that is little short of marvelous and so proposes enlarging his dining-room to about double its present capacity. The cooking here is excellent and the bill of fare affords an extensive variety. The delicacies of the season are constantly supplied, for Mr. Morgan is an experienced *restaurateur* and appreciates the value of making his menu fitly represent the choice market product of the day. In the dining-room is a lunch counter, at which the man of business may and does eat with such a speed as does become the act of eating. The dining-room is neatly and comfortably fitted up. The bar is finished in modern American style and is kept well supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars. Mr. Morgan exercises over the whole business a careful supervision which ensures that the high standard of culinary excellence and the variety of the menu he has already established will be continued.

THE BODEGA RESTAURANT.

Among the many down town restaurants where people will eat their Christmas dinners, the far-famed Bodega must not be overlooked. Situated at the corner of Leader lane and Wellington street, it commands an extensive patronage from among the bankers, lawyers and business men generally of the neighborhood. It is noted far and wide for the excellence of its *cuisine* and its elaborate table service. Mr. T. Anderton its proprietor, is an experienced and accomplished caterer. He appreciates to a nicety the requirements of his numerous customers and has gained a wide reputation for the general excellence of his establishment. The Bodega restaurant is handsomely furnished and well equipped throughout. Its table appointments are in the best of taste—quite in keeping with the general neat appearance of the Bodega and of the high reputation it enjoys.

AN UP-TOWN ESTABLISHMENT.

The pioneer up-town restaurant is the Athletic Club, 185 Yonge street, of which Mr. J. F. Scholes is proprietor. It caters more exclusively to the up-town trade, which, with Toronto's great growth, has been developed and settled about the corner of Yonge and Queen streets. It is conducted like the rest of Toronto's restaurants, on the European plan, and appeals to a large and steadily increasing clientele. The Athletic is one of the best known public houses in Toronto, and Mr. Scholes is one of the most popular of hosts. The bar is always well supplied with the best brands of liquors. The dining-room is a large, well lit and well ventilated place where scores of up-town merchants and others feed daily. Mr. Scholes is a caterer of wide experience and undoubted ability. He makes a specialty of private suppers and public dinners, and caters extensively and satisfactorily to this class of trade. He understands the requirements of the business thoroughly, gives it his personal supervision and, as a consequence, gives every satisfaction to his numerous customers. The need of an up-town restaurant has been felt for some time, but until the enterprise of Mr. Scholes made it an accomplished fact, no one was found willing to undertake the responsibility and expense of starting and conducting the venture. In Mr. Scholes' hands the Athletic Club has become an established success. There is a side entrance for ladies and meals can be obtained on Sundays from 8 to 2 and from 5 to 10.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MACDONALD—On December 13, at No. 3 Rusholme road, the wife of Mr. Randolph Macdonald—a son.

GARRETT—On December 16, at Kingston, Mrs. R. W. Garrett—a daughter.

SCULLY—On December 14, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Scully—a daughter.

PORTER—On December 5, at Cobourg, Mrs. W. J. Porter—a daughter.

BIRD—On December 12, at Toronto, Mrs. J. L. Bird—a son.

GILLESPIE—On December 17, at Toronto, Mrs. John Gillespie—a daughter.

JOHNSTON—On December 17, at Toronto, Mrs. J. K. Johnston—a son.

STARK—On December 2, at Toronto, Mrs. T. H. Stark—a daughter.

TOWNSEND—On December 17, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Townsend—a daughter.

Marriages.

O'DONNELL—RANDALL—On December 5, at Toronto, J. O'Donnell of Toronto, to Annie Huldah Randall of Whitchurch.

MONCRIEFF—RANEY—On December 12, at Toronto, Thomas E. Moncrieff to Mary Jane Raney.

ARNOT—HUGHES—On December 12, at Toronto, R. William Arnot of London, Eng., to Annie, daughter of the late Rev. James Hughes.

HUNTER—LOWE—On December 12, at London West, Charlotte E. Hunter to Rev. William Lowe, rector of Wardsville.

KAHLEMANN—WARNER—On December 11, at Kingston, Ernst C. C. Kahlemann of Deseronto, to Mary Annie Roberta Warner of Kingston.

MACLEOD—HILLARY—On December 12, at Aurora, Martin Donald Macleod of Fort Macleod, Alberta, N. W. T., to Mary, second daughter of Dr. Hilary of Aurora.

Deaths.

BARNES—On December 15, at Toronto, Charles Goodrich Barnes, aged 52 years.

FRASER—On December 15, at Toronto, William Fraser aged 44 years.

GZOWSKI—On December 14, at Dover, England, Major Gzowski, late of the Welsh Regiment, son of Col. Gzowski, A.D.C., aged 39 years.

ALLEN—On December 15, at Toronto, Patrick Allen, aged 54 years.

COULTER—On December 15, at Etobicoke, Robert Coulter, aged 60 years.

FYFE—On December 16, at Toronto, Agnes Fyfe.

BURKE—On December 12, at Montreal, Alice Helen Burke, aged 6 years.

KELLEY—On December 12, at Montreal, Hon. Wm. Kelly, M. L. C. for New Brunswick, aged 61 years.

THOMPSON—On December 16, at Toronto, Thomas Thompson, aged 7 years.

CHRISTIE—On December 17, at Toronto, Abigail Ellen Christie, aged 1 year.

BECKERTON—On November 27, at Little Current, Henry Beckerton, aged 27 years.

COOK—On December 13, at Toronto, Sarah Barbara Cook, aged 19 years.

CRUIT—On December 16, at Toronto, Jane Cruit of Anfield, Liverpool, England.

FLETT—On December 12, at Kingston, James Allen Flett, aged 15 years.

McKAGENAY—On December 17, at Toronto, James McKagenay, aged 73 years.

O'MEARA—Suddenly, on December 17, Rev. Canon O'Meara, LL.D., rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, aged 74 years.

GRAHAME—On December 16, at Victoria, Manitoba, James Grahame, aged 51 years.

JACKSON—On December 17, at Toronto, Jane Jackson, aged 48 years.

Afternoon Receptions.

The distinguished difference between morning (or business) and afternoon dress lies mainly in the delicacy of the accompaniments to the garments worn rather than in any radical difference in the clothes that a man of taste dons in the afternoon. A lady not so many years ago wrote that she found to her surprise that the most expensive clothes, the most absolute compliance with the cut and shape in vogue, was not enough when she began to go into Toronto society. There must be added, style; and herein lies the difference between the man of taste and the man who conventionally follows merely the prevailing novelties. The man of taste will go home after bank hours, and in preparing himself for an afternoon reception will change his clothes from boots to hat. He will put on this season's pantaloons not too dark in color. The coat must be of dark cloth, the plain, rough Saxony or Vienna cloth, or one of the new wide wale diagonals, a cutaway, with three or four buttons, cut rather low in the neck, with vest cut as low, allowing ample space for the knot of a four-in-hand scarf.

He may, if he prefers it, wear a double-breasted Prince Albert. It is proper enough, and for elderly gentlemen is quite the vogue. But the cutaway coat has, during the past two years, nearly driven out the Prince Albert for all occasions where it was formerly worn. Having had several inquiries in reference to what should be worn on these occasions I have much pleasure in presenting these few ideas to my patrons. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable West End tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what! Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Brought Up With a Jerk.

An old woman who lived in a country place many years after railways were invented, had never seen a train; so she decided one day she would go and see her friends, and started next morning for the railway station with a bundle and umbrella. Having purchased a ticket, the guard put her in a carriage, and off she started on her journey. But they had not gone far before there was a collision, and in searching the carriages they found the old woman in a far corner, covered with luggage. As soon as she saw the guard said, "Mester, do ye always stop sharp like this?"

True Friendship.

Mr. J. Parker—There are Trimble-Hawkins and his wife. They are a handsome couple, aren't they?"

Miss Charity Ball—Oh, yes, they are quite distinguished looking; but, do you know? they say that at home they quarrel scandalously; and, besides that, Mrs. Trimble-Hawkins absolutely neglects every household duty, and her children are a perfect disgrace!"

Mr. J. Parker—Oh, you know her, then?

Miss Charity Ball—Yes, indeed; I am her dearest friend!

He Did His Own Type-setting.

An editor who thinks the wages demanded by compositors is an imposition, has discharged his hands, and intends doing his own type-setting in the future. He says: "owinG To the eXtoubitant Wages dEmaNded by printers wE haae ConCluded To do onR oWn tYpe-sEtting IN the fuTuRe..; and although we never leArned Tqe Busfness wE dO Nor see wny gRear mSstery in tHe aRt."

WISHING ALL

A Very Merry Christmas

AND

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

I am most respectfully yours,

GEO. W. SHAVER

244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.

China Hall

49 King Street East, Toronto

ARRIVED THIS DAY

A LOT OF

DOULTON'S CELEBRATED

FILTERS

FINEST IN THE WORLD

GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE

SOLE AGENTS FOR TORONTO.

FURNITURE

OUR

SOLID WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE

AT

$28.00

IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE

BEST VALUE

EVER OFFERED

Davies Brothers

218 Yonge St., cor. Wilton Ave.

For one month only we will allow 15 per cent. discount on all but above.

JAMES PAPE

FLORAL ARTIST

78 Yonge Street, Toronto

Specialities for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the Shortest Notice.

Telephone 1461. Conservatories, 167 Carlaw Av., Queen St. East.

ROSES HOLLY AND MISTLETOE CHRISTMAS TREES

H. SLIGHT

The Leading Florist (Telephone 3280) 4 /7 Yonge St.

XMAS 1888

RUSSELL'S XMAS SALES AT 9 King Street West have commenced, and will continue to the end of the year without abatement. Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery, &c., &c., in great variety and at your own price.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

LADIES

My method is meeting with great success from those who have received treatment. I guarantee a permanent removal, and can refer you to leading physicians and ladies that have received treatment. Inquiries may be made by post. Enclose six cent stamp.

Note the address Madame Boudoir, 663 King St. West, Toronto.

A Liberal Education

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FOR 1888-89

Special arrangements with the publishers enable us to offer THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, $2.00 a year, with leading magazines and newspapers at the following low rates for one year, postage prepaid:

	Publishers' Price	With Saturday Night.
Scribner's Magazine ..... "Literature of last ne interest."	$3.00	$4.50
Harper's Monthly ..... The oldest Illustrated Magazine.	4.00	5.10
The Century Magazine ..... "In the front rank."	4.00	5.60
Lippincott's Magazine ..... "King of the Monthlies."	3.00	4.10
Harper's Weekly ..... "Journal of Civilization."	4.00	5.30
Harper's Bazaar ..... Fashion and Literature.	4.00	5.30
Harper's Young People ..... An Illustrated Weekly for the Young.	2.00	3.60
St. Nicholas ..... A world-renowned Magazine.	3.00	4.60

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Remittance may be by Post Office Order or Registered Letter.

Other Magazines and Periodicals will be added from time to time.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO.

(LIMITED)

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Dorenwend's Paris Hair Works

AND

BEAUTIFYING BAZAAR

Is the Leading House for fine

HAIR GOODS, ETC.

In Toronto. Full lines of

Ladies' Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Switches, Wigs, Etc., Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Etc.

Complete stock of Hair Ornaments of every description. Theatrical Goods, Make Ups, etc. Private Parlors for Ladies' Hair Dressing for Balls, Parties, Theaters, etc. "Electrolysis" our sure cure for superfluous hair.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar, 103 and 105 Yonge Street.

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

A. A. ALEXANDER

466 West Queen St., cor. Denison Ave.

HIGH GRADE FURS

Ladies' Fur Garments, Newmarkets, Mantles, Dolmanettes and Short Jackets, in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb, Mink, &c., Bear, Lynx, Opposum, Sable and Fox Boas and Muffs.

Exclusive right for the West End to sell the Queen's Own Cap, which we have in stock in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb and Astracan.

Call and Inspect Our Fur Show Rooms

466 QUEEN STREET, COR. DENISON AVE

They're so English, you know.

What?

Those new Scarfs just from London.

"The Lothbury"

"The Fitzroy"

A fine assortment of the above new Puff Scarfs now in stock.

Wheaton & Co.

17 KING ST. WEST, COR. JORDAN

Giving up Business

The Largest Stock of Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Electroplates, China and Fancy Goods in the Dominion to be disposed of by

PUBLIC AUCTION

C. & J. ALLEN

29 King Street West

Have concluded to retire from business, and will sell the whole of their immense stock, so well and favorably known,

By Auction each day at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Private Sales Every Morning

Commencing Monday, Nov. 5

And continuing until the whole stock is disposed of. Anticipate your Christmas and other wants. An opportunity of this kind is rarely offered. Purchasers can have goods held for them for one month by depositing 25 per cent. of amount of purchase. Every comfort provided for ladies attending our sales.

Remember the date, Monday November 5.

C. & J. ALLEN

JOHN FLETCHER

IRON AND STEEL WORK

Roofs, Girders, Beams, Stairs, Columns, and all kinds of Iron Work for Building Purpose

OFFICE:

530 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

Stock Large and Particularly Choice

Ladies' Desks

Piano Lamps

Cabinets

Easels

Twisted Tables

Brass Tables

Odd and Quaint Chairs

Music Cabinets, &c.

PALACE FURNITURE WAREROOM

ALLAN FURNITURE CO.

5 KING ST. E., TORONTO

MORISON'S

Great Christmas Sale

Large and Choice Assortment of Handkerchiefs

In Linen, Cambric and Silk at half price, for the holidays.

500 doz. Ladies' Fine Lawn Handkerchiefs, 50c. and 75c., just half price.

150 " " " Hem-Stitch and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, $1 to $2, just half price

Another lot of PURE PONGEE SILK Handkerchiefs at 15c. or three for 40c. Greatest drive in the trade.

FANCY PLUSH CASES

Ladies' Companions, Needle Cases, Cuff, Collar, Glove and Jewelry Cases in the latest designs

500 Beautiful, Washable and Unbreakable DOLLS

At 20c., half price.

Great Drives in Dress Goods

1,000 Dress Lengths in Black and Colored, 50 per cent. reduction.

Note—A good all wool Cashmere Dress, full length, $2.25.

" Scotch Tweed " " " 1.75.

Big Reductions in Mantles, Jackets, Wraps and Ulsters, also Plush and Sealette Jackets

H. S. MORISON & CO

218 YONGE STREET, COR. ALBERT

The Annual Dinner of the Toronto Cricket Club.

Half a hundred members of the Toronto Cricket Club unfolded their napkins and put their legs under the heavily laden boards at the Walker House a week ago to-night. The flowers, which were numerous enough to intercept a bird's-eye view of the whole table at one glance, were on the æsthetic side and necessitated some little dodging to see just who were there. Merry, contented, smiling and unconcerned as to the lingering effects of typhoid sat Vice-President John Wright in the chair, looking no less robust than of yore, and as if that sort of thing (dinner) were most in his line. In the vice-chair was the general manager of the English eleven, christened George, and bearing the patronymic Lindsey. The man behind the spectacles was Vickers of Osgoode Hall. The light of the fairy lamps was reflected from Captain Brock into the aqueous humor of Vickers' as yet undermined sinister optic, and the adamantoid crystal on the immaculate shirt bosom of Treasurer Brown. The lily on the chairman's left shut out the lithe figure of General-commanding-the-district Dickson, but not his sword, which he wore till Lieutenant-Governor-General's-representative-in-Canada Harcourt Vernon warbled God Save the Queen, after which evidence of Canadian adherence to the principle of Imperial Confederation, he hung it on the bough of a begonia. Stanley had sent Heaton. The Duke was there, but Brecondale had sent no Turner. Goldingham's bright smile showed traces of the Uppingham school-boy days, and Godwin and Campbell were all the Colts besides himself who came to feed. In the other vice-chair reclines the scribe, mighty in drawing rooms, and of facile pen, Bob Shanly, supported on the right by the younger Lindsey. Von-Creelman, friend of the jaiger, had left pursuit of prey and floated in to add to the festivity. And here and there the eye fell on familiar faces such as Jones', the cutter from a foot inside the leg stump, and Stewart's stagey, Fox's, mighty Hector's, Bob McCulloch's, and the masher Thomas'. Ajax Dwight sat next the railway king McMurchy, and Bethune, with a wad of new Dominion twenties, loomed up 'twixt Molson Saunders and Columbia Loewn. And many more were there, and so was I. But none of history's heroes of the older school save one, and why I know not.

The patient oyster was the first to go, next the Sauterne and then the buzz of conversation louder grew till all got "in the soup," and soon so loud that Pommery's pop was drowned in laughing commendations of well told stories of the season's fun. And so on till the smoking coffee and Virginia straight cuts announced the oratory.

The chairman gave the toasts the Queen and Her Local Representatives, reminding his hearers of the Governor-General's liberal donation to the English tour and Sir Alexander's ditto to the Irish match, and then Canadian Cricket, noting the progress of the game. Next the vice chairman gave the toast The Ontario Cricket Association, calling attention to the great benefit of that institution to the game in this province in so far as it encourages the playing of tie matches and arranges each year the international event with the United States. To this when duly honored Mr. Creelman rose to respond. Appealing to the chair for protection from the enthusiasm awakened by this toast he held his listeners spell-bound while in laconic sentences he demanded to know, if not on the ground of popularity alone, the mention of this paternal institution should meet with such an ovation, on what ground was it. To this there was no answer, and after an eloquent oration of twenty minutes' duration the speaker sat down amidst the applause of all.

Captain Henry Thomas Brock, lineal descendant of the hero to whose memory the stately monument on Queenston Heights raises its head, got up to make a speech and did it well in proposing the health of the Toronto Cricket Club which he thought a marvellous success, especially when considering the keen competition from other athletic sports, particularly aquatics in this city. Mr. Wright replied briefly and after him Mr. Lindsey spoke as one of the vice-presidents of the club. He laid special stress on the necessity for a united effort to secure the new ground now almost their own, and to improve it so that it would become a common meeting place for the men of the past as well as of the present, to erect a suitable pavilion on whose walls could hang their history, and whence the older men could watch with ease the doings of the younger generation. He also called attention to the proposed plan of employing a new and first class professional. After a review of the season's work, not forgetting a kind word for the visiting American and Irish Gentlemen cricketers and a warm eulogy of the club and its good work, Mr. Shanly, the secretary, followed, dealing in a neat speech at length with the record of the club. Treasurer Brown came next, with a most amusing oration, defining his official duties as requiring a constant dunning and sitting on over expenditure by the committee.

Mr. W. W. Vickers proposed Sister Sports, Messrs. Heaton, McMurchy, Fox, Bethune and Dwight responding respectively for rowing, yachting, tennis, football and lacrosse. The toast of The Press brought Dickie and the Duke of York to their feet, and then the iron tongue of midnight tolled Sunday morning, and all dispersed.

During the evening Mr. Grant Stewart sang several selections. Mr. Wallace Jones, Ballyhooley; Mr. Dickie, Killaloe, in negro melody, and Something Gone Wrong with the Works, in the original, and Messrs. Thomas, Loewn, Dickson, Collins and George Saunders each warbled a ditty; all of which went to make up one of the pleasantest dinners the club has sat down to, and where a wholesale interchange of reminiscences set one's heart beating higher at the thoughts till he vowed some contribution to the next year's game that would be a fair share of help towards keeping the club in foremost place in the cricketing circles of Canada.

Fashionable Hair Dressing.

Fashionable hair dressing is made a specialty at Armand's hair store, 407 Yonge street. Mr. Armand is an accomplished Parisian hair dresser, and since his establishment has been opened, Toronto ladies have the same opportunity to secure finely finished hair goods or to have their hair dressed in reigning European modes, as they would have in Paris or London. Keeping himself thoroughly well-informed of the styles in vogue in London or Paris, Mr. Armand is in a position to satisfy all requirements of his customers in this respect.

ELOCUTION

Miss Jessie Alexander, B. E.

Has much pleasure in announcing a

RECITAL (Dramatic and Humorous)

Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., in

Association Hall, Thursday, Jan. 3

Tickets 25c. and 50c., reserved at Nordheimer.

Having spent the last five months in New York reviewing the methods of some of the most successful teachers of elocution in America, Miss Alexander now resumes teaching at her residence, 49 BRUNSWICK AVE.

XMAS PRESENTS

TO GIVE AWAY

Rattan Chairs and Tables
Mahogany and Rosewood Tables
Brass Tables and Piano Lamps
Music Cabinets
Parlor Cabinets
Bamboo Easels and Screens
Oak, Cherry and Mahogany
Rockers and Arm Chairs
Ladies' Secretaries
Oak, Cherry and Walnut

Upholstered Goods to Order

My stock is well assorted and complete. Come and see my new store and get my prices.

All goods are sold under guarantee and only one price is asked. Strictly reliable.

SHOWING NO TROUBLE

R. F. PIEPER

436 YONGE STREET, OPPOSITE CARLTON STREET

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House

GRAND XMAS ATTRACTION

WEEK COMMENCING

Monday, Dec. 24

USUAL MATINEES.

The Streak o' Sunshine,

KATIE HART

And the Favorite Eccentric Comedian (late of Muggs' Landing)

Alfred McDowell

In the popular and successful Musical Comedy, the

KINDERGARDEN

Presented by a Company of Comedians. Elegant Costumes. New Music. Original Songs. The Representative Comedy Co.

GRAND XMAS MATINEE—TUESDAY

1889 St. Andrew's Ward 1889

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

J. E. VERRAL

As Alderman for 1889.

Election Takes Place Monday, Jan. 7

SERVANTS' LIVERIES.

P. Jamieson, the Clothier, is the only merchant in Toronto making a specialty of Servants' Liveries. Our plates show nearly every style of Livery worn in Europe and America. The garments are made in the best styles of the best material and are guaranteed to fit.

Jamieson's prices are always right. Correspondence from those living out of the city promptly attended to. Notice our illustrations. Different styles every week.

P. JAMIESON,
THE CLOTHIER
Cor. Yonge & Queen Sts.

DIAMONDS.

Choice Assortment at Close Price

WATCHES.

Ladies' Silver $4 95, worth 7.50
Solid Gold from $12 up
Solid 14k Gold $22.50, worth $30
Gent's 18k Solid Gold Repeater and Chronograph $135, worth $175

Choice Assortment of Goods—Suitable for Christmas Presents

GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Christmas & New Year

HOLIDAYS

Return tickets will be sold between all Stations at

SINGLE FARE

On December 24th and 25th, 1888, good to return until December 26th, 1888, inclusive; and on December 31st, 1888, and January 1st, 1889, good to return until January 2nd, 1889, inclusive, and at

FARE AND ONE-THIRD

On December 21st, 22nd, 23rd 24th and 25th, 1888, and December, 1888, to January 1st, 1889, inclusive, good to return until January 3rd, 1889, inclusive.

TORONTO OFFICES:

110 King St. West — 56 Yonge Street
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SALE OF CLOTHING

Now in Full Blast

Men's Overcoats
Boys' Overcoats

NOBBY AND NEAT

Equal in every respect to the finest custom work. Selling during the sale at net wholesale figures. Those in need should certainly call.

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

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WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager

St. Patrick's Ward.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

MILES VOKES

As Alderman for 1889

FOR A SUITABLE AND HANDSOME

Xmas or New Year's Gift

BUY A

Wheeler & Wilson

NEW HIGH-ARM

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

OUR No. 9 Is superior to all others in point of Ease, Rapidity, and Precision of Action, Uniformity of Tension and Perfection of Seam, Simplicity and Durability, Elegance of Design, Excellence of Workmanship, Form and Quality of Cabinet Work, and general attractiveness of appearance.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

266 Yonge Street

Telephone No. 277 TORONTO

THE BABY LIKES

MORSE'S CORINNE BOUQUET

= TOILET SOAP =

AND MAMMA LIKES

CORINNE BOUQUET PERFUME

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

"LIBERTY" ART FABRICS

Having secured the agency of Canada for the celebrated LIBERTY GOODS, we beg to state that we have now got in stock an assortment of

"Liberty Chintzes"
"Liberty Muslins"
"Liberty Silks and Silk Curtains"

None Genuine Without Name and Trade Mark

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

REMOVING

TO BARRIE

GREAT CUT IN PRICES

To Clear Out the Goods. See the

MANTLES, DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

DANFORD ROCHE & CO.

198, 200, 202 and 204 Yonge Street

CHRISTMAS : : : : PRESENTS

DINEEN

On the corner of Yonge and King, offers very choice furs for Christmas, comprising Gents' Otter and Beaver Collars, Cuffs and Caps, Seal Caps and Gloves, Persian Collars and Cuffs, Seal Mantles, Capes, Muffs and Collars, Children's Fur Coats, Caps and Carriage Rugs. Dineen is offering for sale very cheap a lot of Gentlemen's Fur Coats and Cloth Coats lined with fur.

To those making Christmas presents an offering of this kind would be acceptable during the cold weather.

W. & D. DINEEN

CORNER KING AND YONGE STREETS

Canada's High Class Pianofortes.

"Canada may well feel proud in being able to manufacture such fine Pianofortes."—*Mendelssohn Quintette Club*

The enviable position the Mason & Risch Pianos have attained in the estimation of the musical public of Canada, and the Great Artists of Europe and American, is the result of

UNREMITTING EFFORT
AND
A DETERMINATION TO WIN

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